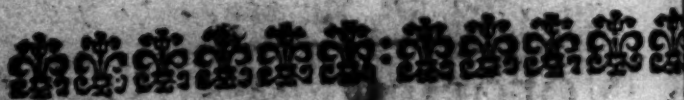


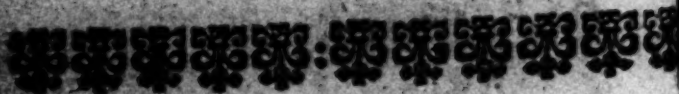
14. Lives



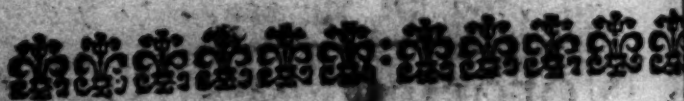
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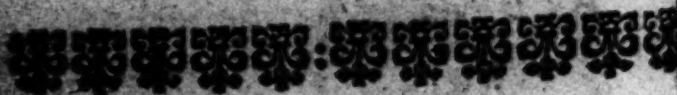
14. Lives



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THE *6th*
LIVES

Of Sundry

Notorious Villains.

Memorable for their
Base and abominable Actions.

Together with

A NOVEL,

As it really happened at
Roan in France.

'Αντί της' ἱστορίας τοῦ συγγραφέως Διογ.

LONDON:

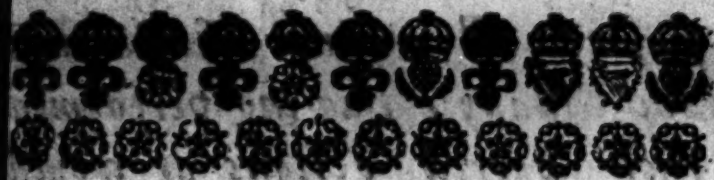
Printed for the Author, and sold by
Sam. Crouch at the Princes Arms at the
corner of *Popes-head-ally* in *Corn-hill.*

I 6 7 8.



1812
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J. M. C. at the British Museum, at the
corner of Paper Street, in Great Britain.



TO THE READER.

You have here in these persons the Character of a Grand Debauchee, or daring Villain, abolishing and enervating, as much as in them lay, all Laws and Rules, without which it is impossible to suppose a Society: who having obliterated the natural impressions of Justice and Pie-

To the Reader.

ty, have devised and accomplished all manner of Baseness and Villany, having performed such horrid actions as would have amazed themselves as well as others, had they not by a long Series of wickedness been hardened in their detestable undertakings.

Here you may be satisfied by evident Demonstration, instanced in the Lives and Deaths of these men, of the difference of Vertue and Vice; that they are not empty Names, or significant Nothings, seeing Heaven has interposed as a party, not suffering any of them to go out of this World without

To the Reader.

without the signal marks of its
necessity.

And if the lives of good
and virtuous men have been
as exceeding advantageous to the
by purposes of Religion and Vir-
tue, why may not likewise the
Examples of those who are Vi-
tious and Abominable be in their
kind as useful? seeing by the
one we learn what we should do,
by the other, what we should
not.

In short, I know the Book
needs not long Apologies, nor
Commendatory-prefaces, having
been so often reprinted and ap-
proved of in France, and else-
where; wherefore, that I may
na

To the Reader.

no longer detain you with tedious Exordiums, I shall refer you to the Book it self, which will never need to beg Commendations.

BOOKS

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BOOKS Printed for, and to
be sold by, *Sam. Crouch*, at the
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wise. Also the measuring of Land,
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He also sells

Spirit of Salt.

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sing of the Teeth.

THE

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Spirit of Salt.
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Spirit of Scurvy-Grass.
Lockhart's Pills.
Turner's Dentifrices for clean-
sing of the Teeth.

THE



C H A P. I.

The Life of Capt. Lycaon, General of the Thieves.

When Rage and Despair seizeth on the spirit of a man, when he suffereth himself to be carried away by his blinde inclinations, there cannot be any thing seen in the world more furious and insolent. He huffs the Heavens, and defies the Destinies, and thinks that the Stars are obliged to him for their influence. The Earth seems not worthy to bear him, nor the Ocean large enough to retain him; and blows Fear on all that come neer him. His Words are claps of Thunder, and his Looks flashes of Lightning; and his Deliberations irrevocable Statutes. He

imagineth that the Mountains should crumble at his Presence, and is ambitious enough to perswade himself that the Rivers should stop and make way for his passage. Such were the Rhodomontadoes of Capt. *Dycaon*, whom we may call by a fit title, The General of Thieves.

He was a *Britain*, born in the Isle of *Narmontier*, of noble Parents; but he degenerated from his Ancestors, who ever kept the ways of Virtue. When scarce had he attained to the Fourteenth or Fifteenth year of his age, but he made appear the fierce marks of his Courage in the Army. Nothing durst oppose itself to his fury, and seemed to labour already with his eyes, those who looked on him, which made people say, that he was not a man, but a Monster spewed out upon the earth from the depths of Hell, to commit those Outrages. His Parents, as people of reputation, were astonished at his daily Excesses, and for when

child, he was continually a beating
 his Companions: but above all, they
 could not leave him alone; by reason of
 his natural inclinations to steal. In the
 mean time the War breaking out in
 France, and *Lycaon* being now at years
 of maturity, and naturally licentious,
 could not endure the threatening taunts
 of his Parents; wherefore he resolves
 to leave them and follow the Wars,
 that he might have his boundless hu-
 man.

As he was ready to depart, he was a
 long time deliberating under what Par-
 ty he should serve. In the end he be-
 took himself to the *Duke de Mercœur*;
 where, a certain desire of making him-
 self considerable inflaming him, he
 would be always in the most difficult
 Enterprise, despising all dangers, and
 risking himself in the midst of Fire and
 Swords, and massacring all before him:
 so that in a little time he became fa-
 mous for his Valour; which made him
 be taken notice of by the Commanders;

who seeing his port, his mein, &c. an excellent Souldier, gave him the command of a Company: which charge he acquitted with no small glory, promising himself a perpetual series of Wars and Dissentions.

But the Heavens are not always armed with Thunders against mortals which the unthought-of event plainly shewed, scattering in an instant the Tempest (by an happy Accommodation which threatned the subversion of the whole Kingdom of *France*. So that *Lycæon* thereupon being out of employ his hopes vanisht with the cessation of the Wars; which made him (as a man despairing) betake himself to the Woods, from whence he might rifle the innocent Passenger.

And being a man highly priz'd for his daring Courage, he failed not of company, being followed by his two Brothers, who were resolved to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. And having gathered together the Scum of

Spain, Britain, and other places, he found himself accompanied with near four hundred men, who breathed nothing but blood and cruelty. He began, before he enterprized any thing, to build a Fortress within the Forest of *Machecons*, it being a solitary place, and far remote from any road or path.

It is impossible to relate the diligence they used in making and fortifying this their Castle: for his *Banditi* being as desirous to preserve their Prey as to get it, work'd day and night till they had finisht it. Which done, they divide into bands, and begin to range and ransack not onely the Countries thereabouts, but the whole Kingdom of *France*.

The people were not a little astonished at the Robberies and Murthers committed every day about them, and yet could not imagine whence this Deluge proceeded.

It were impossible to relate all the

outrages which these Villains committed in *Poitou, Saintaigne, Aunis, Normandy* and *Britain*. The overflowings of Rivers, the breaking down of Sluces, not the most tempestuous weather, did ever half so much mischief to the standing Corn, as these rogues did to those whose unhappy Fortune caused their rencounter. For they wanted not for Arms either offensive or defensive, neither skill coming so lately from the Army, to use them. They would be sometimes in the habit of Merchants, and sometimes like Gentlemen; other times like the Sheriffs Officers in Liveries, vaulting and ranging for a hundred miles about, sparing not the lives of any whom they thought had money.

As for *Lycaon*, he seldom went but well accompani'd, and exceedingly well mounted, for fear of surprizal.

But it hapned that one day he parted from his Fortres alone, (his people being gone out in the Country for Forage) and took the great road which leads

itter leads to *Nantes*, where he hid himself in
 and the thickest part of a Wood along the
 Bay-side, and there lay two hours, till
 at last there passed by an honest Coun-
 every-man, one who seemed by his looks
 not to travel without money: Where-
 fore *Lycaon* arises and accosts him; and
 having understood by him that he went
 to *Nantes* about a Law-suit---*Thou hast*
certainly money then, replied *Lycaon*;
for they to whom thou addressest thy self
will do nothing without it. The good
 man perceiving that he was overtaken,
 would willingly have recall'd his words
 again, pretending that he had but Six
 pence or a shilling about him to pay for
 his Dinner. *And truly for my part*, re-
 plied the other, *I am far from being o-*
verladen; yet howsoever I trust so much
in our good God, that if we heartily pray
to him, he will not fail to send us some.

Notwithstanding which discourse, the
 Country-man failed not to put on his
 way as fast as he could, and to gain
 ground; but *Lycaon* had something

more to say to him before he parted with him : wherefore he asks him whether he had no more money than that small sum he last mentioned. To which the other repli'd, That he used not to set out with money, it being not onely in danger of being lost upon the road, but our lives too with it. But *Lycaon* for all that, commanded him to fall to prayers, and see what the event would be; and at the same time draws out of his pocket a little Manual, and falls on his knees, constraining the Country-man to do the like: but he knew not what to infer from these mysteries, and would willingly have been in another place to make his Orisons ; for his devotion was much abated by his fear : yet notwithstanding he was forced to kneel down and wait the issue of this pious adventure.

When *Lycaon* had mumbled three or four words betwixt his teeth, feigning an extraordinary devotion, he enquires of the Country-man how it fared with him,

him, telling him withal, that Heaven was not ungrateful to the pious addresses of devout Petitioners; wherefore he bid him feel in his pockets, that they might see what God had sent him; which the Country-man did, but could finde nothing: upon which *Lycaon* feeling in his own pockets, pulls out Five pence, telling him withal, that for certain he prayed not heartily, that 'twas expedient for him that he prayed again; shewing him, that if he looked directly towards Heaven, he needed not fear, nay it could not be otherwise but he must get something as well as he: whereupon he pulls again out of his pocket Ten pence, and still the other could not finde any thing in his; and was rather for praying that there might not be any thing found there, than that there should. To make short, *Lycaon* fell to prayers again the third time, and produced a Five-shilling-piece; and seeing that the Country-man was still upon the negative, he told him, That

one of these two things must needs be
 that either he did not pray with Zeal
 and Devotion, or else he would not
 let him know how liberal Heaven had
 been in his behalf. For, saith he, how
 else can it come to pass that my Prayers
 should be rather heard than yours? For
 if you pray (continued he) with as much
 spiritual heat as you outwardly make
 them of, it must needs be that by this
 time you have gained considerably.
 Wherefore, saies he, I am resolved
 to see the experience of this. And so
 saying, he puts his hands in the mans
 pockets (for it was to no purpose for
 him to resist) and found there Ten
 pieces of Gold: at which they were
 both amazed, the one seemingly for the
 liberality of Heaven, and the other for
 the loss of his money. Yet notwith-
 standing Lazarus dealt with him better
 than he expected, returning him the
 one half of his money with these words
 back again: What, sayh he, you would
 have cheated me, and would not let me
 share.

share with you (though your Companion.)
 Is this the compact? this the agreement
 we made before we set to prayers? Good
 Lord, how few are the just upon the
 earth! And yet notwithstanding this
 thy churlish humour, I will not be as un-
 grateful as thou art, for look you, here is
 half of what Heaven hath sent me;
 wherefore you have no reason to com-
 plain: now indeed you might, if I shared
 with you in your acquisition, and not you
 with me. And so the poor Country-
 man was pleasantly wheedled out of his
 money: for *Lycaon* robbed a man of
 two or three hundred crowns as if it
 were really a sport or pastime, so small
 a sum was that with him.

As soon as ever there was any Fair,
 though never so far off, he was sure to
 be at it in disguise, that he might with-
 less suspicion observe the business of each
 person there concerned, to the end that
 at their return homewards he might see
 upon them.

But as he skulked up and down with
 his

his Companions, he had notice that the then
Provost of *Roan* with his men were in havi
quest of him, and that they had inten havi
tions of besetting the Forest of *Morse* havi
mont, where he then was; which made serv
him stand on his guard, but could not Vill
make him lose his undaunted courage : I
Wherefore he rallies his Troop, and far
withdraws into the thickest of the Fo gat
rest, to a place judged by him the most to
advantageous; and having left Orders, Ly
he sends out Scouts : but thinking it the
not safe to trust to Spies in a case of be
such concernment, he puts on a Canva's w
doublet and breeches, Wooden shoos on m
his feet, and a Steeple-crown'd hat on fo
his head, and so draws neer them; ho
where observing them not to be equal gi
with him in strength, he returns back h
to his Companions, makes them stand T
to their Arms, and so encourages them w
by his words and example, that in set H
ting upon them, as they did immediate C
ly, they were presently routed; whom f
they so neerly pursued, that Seven of l
them

them were taken Prisoners ; from whom having taken their Livery-coats, they hang'd them on several Trees in the most solitary places of the Forest, their Habits serving afterwards to execute sundry Villanies.

For going one night to a Castle not far off the Forest, he commanded the gates in the Kings name to be set open to him, saying, for a pretence, That *Lycaon* and his Companions had hid themselves there ; which Order was obeyed without the least suspicion of what happened afterwards. *Lycaon* made as if he would search every where for Thieves, bustling in all corners of the house with the greatest eagerness imaginable ; but at last he would needs have it that the Thieves were hid in the Trunks : wherefore he caused the keys without any more ado to be brought him, and having loaded himself and Companions with every thing of considerable value, he returns with his Booty to the Forest.

In

In the mean time the Lord of the Castle findes himself not a little moved with just indignation, that he should be thus robbed, thinking that the Provosts men, under pretence of looking for Thieves, had thus pillaged his Castle: Whereupon he makes his Address to the Parliament of *Roan*, giving them an account by whom he thought himself thus robbed; who presently gave order for the examination of the Provosts Officers, and being put on the Rack, the torments thereof made them confess that whereof they were never guilty: so that there was one of them hanged, to see what effects that would work on the rest.

The Provost of *Roan* being justly incensed against *Lycaon*, as well for this as other his villanies, resolved to be revenged at any rate: which *Lycaon* having got notice of, caused his men to retreat into the Forest of *Machecon*, the usual place of their Rendezvouz. He in the mean time staid alone there,

where

where he was informed they would
 attack him, having notice likewise of
 the very hour when they would give
 their intended Onset, which fell out
 punctually according to his expectati-
 on. Wherefore seeing them, he makes up
 towards them in the habit of a Peasant,
 mounted upon a most piteous beast, and
 who to look on was not worth two
 pence, without either bridle or saddle,
 having only a Sack under him, and a
 great greazie Hat on. And thus accom-
 panied he meets the Provost, who deman-
 ded of him whence he came, and what
 he had seen. He made answer, That
 for his part he met nobody; but told
 him there was great talk of robbing,
 and especially of one call'd Dycoun, a
 very naughty fellow, and one who did
 much mischief to the Country. They
 asked him moreover where he went,
 and what was his business; and being
 told he was going to buy Corn at Rye,
 they dismiss him.
 Going on he met with other Officers,
 who

who made a second Band, who demanded of him whether he had spoken with the Provost; and having received answer Yes, they bad him rudely pass on; but he stopping a little, pulls out from under his skirts two Pistols, and discharges them backwards under his arms amongst the Officers, and shot two of them off their horses; imitating in this the *Partians*, who are said to have routed whole Armies flying; bidding them withal remember that they had met *Lycaon*: which having said, his Hackney began to cut the air with such swiftness, that it seemed to them he was rather carried by the Devil than a Horse. He was howsoever pursued by them, though but to little purpose, notwithstanding the worst of them seemed to be better mounted than he was. But he on the other side made a pastime of their pursuit of him; for he sometimes appeared near them, and sometimes a great way off; sometimes on one side of them, and sometimes in the middle of them: and

this

his continued till night constrained
 them to retire, leaving them nothing
 after all their coursing but a phantasm
 or shadow.

Being one day in his Fortres, the
 Provost of *Nantes* assembled all the Of-
 ficers of the neighbouring Cities, tel-
 ling them that for certain *Lycaon* this
 about could not escape their hands; and
 indeed the designe was carried on so
 well (it being at a time when he was
 least accompani'd) that they did sur-
 prize him.

He saw the danger he was in, but
 could not see the means to escape it.
 But howsoever, being instigated by rage
 and despair rather than discretion, he
 brought those about him into resoluti-
 ons of fighting; who came with such fury
 on the Officers, although their number
 was not at all answerable to the others,
 that they forced them, in spite of their
 teeth, to give ground: but this first
 shock being past over, they were so be-
 set on every side, that *Lycaon*, being
 left

left engaged in the midst of them, was
 taken. But whilst the others were in
 pursuit of his scattered Crew, he per-
 ceiving that he was guarded but by two
 presently purposes an Escape, which he
 effects after this manner: Having on
 purpose dropt his Handkerchief, he en-
 treats him that held his right arm to
 suffer him to stoop to take it up; where-
 upon he pulls a Poingard out of his pocket,
 and strikes it into the belly of the
 Provost, who stood just by him. The
 Officers seeing that blow given, would
 needs bear up their Master, being so
 mortally wounded that he could not
 stand; leaving *Lycaon* for that purpose,
 who presently made use of his time,
 leaping on one of their Horses, and find-
 ing a Pistol by the Saddle-side, pulls
 it out, and shoots one of them dead on
 the place, and makes his escape. His
 brother, who fled with the rest, hearing
 that he was taken, resolves to die in the
 midst of them, rather than so leave him:
 wherefore he rallied his scattered Com-
 panions,

was in the midst
 of his Enemies, thinking his brother had
 perished amongst them; cursing and ban-
 ning, that if they kept him any longer,
 he would make them rue it. But so far
 was he transported by these Rhodomontades,
 that he was not aware of his being
 surrounded by them; who so far
 overpowered him, that he was taken
 and carried to *Nantes*; where two or
 three days after he was with three or
 four of his Companions broken on the
 Wheel.

This business did not a little scare the
 other Thieves, although that they had
Lycan still left for their Captain, this
 being but their Lieutenant; yet howso-
 ever, he was a man of great prudence
 in Counsels, ready at dispatch, bloody
 and cruel; which are all qualities requi-
 site in a notable Villain.

Lycan looses not, for all this, his
 courage (if a man may term that cou-
 rage which is in such persons) but get-
 ting together his dispersed Companions,
 he

he withdraws into the Forest and continues his former courses, without remembering his brother's miserable end who was executed in the sight of all the Gentry of his Country.

One day one of the gang, being known at *Marche Pontoise* by two Merchants, was laid hold on, brought to trial, and condemned to be broken on the Wheel; which was accordingly executed.

As the Hangman of *Pontoise* went to do execution upon some Malefactors in an adjoining City, he met *Lycaon* clothed in all points like a Merchant, who demanded of him what news at *Pontoise*, and whether it were safe travelling: To which the Executioner made answer, that indeed there had been, and that not without cause, great talk of Thieves, and especially a great Rogue named *Lycaon*; but that now, thank God, the number of his accomplices was diminished, he coming just now from putting one of them on the Wheel.

O then, cried *Lycaon*, you are the Hangman of *Pontoise* ! I am very glad have met with you ; for you can without doubt tell me something which is talked of concerning this wicked creature.

They had not long travelled together before they enter'd a Wood, where *Lycaon* having whistled half a dozen times, saw himself attended with ten or twelve of his Companions : the Hangman notwithstanding kept his countenance, and would never have been persuaded that he was in the midst of a company of Thieves, and so near him whom he so much blamed.

Lycaon having made him relate again the Execution which he came from doing upon one of their Companions, and this Bravo vapouring and swearing that he would upon that account, with all his heart, travel through the whole Kingdom of *France*, he was immediately laid hold on by two of the sturdiest Rogues of that Crew ; who told him, That

That seeing by mishap that there was no
 conueniencie to break him on
 Wheel, he must be content with hang-
 ing. Whereupon, without any other
 form of process, they take the poor
 Hangman, and tie him up with their
 garters to the boughs of a Tree, and dis-
 patch him. Another time he would have entred
 by force the Castle of St. *Hermine* and
Murviel; but the Lord of it having
 gotten notice by some means or other
 of his intentions, got together all the
 Gentlemen thereabouts to assist him,
 laying an Ambuscade of near two hun-
 dred men in the way by which he should
 pass: but as he was coming on, one of
 those who lay in wait for him, let fall
 his lighted Match in his pan, and so dis-
 charged his Musket; at which being
 startled, sent out some before to know
 what was the matter, and having un-
 derstood that there was an Ambuscade
 laid for him, he returns back, and was pur-
 sued. Wherefore having kept at the

side of a Wood, he makes head against
 them, casting himself amongst the thic-
 kest, followed onely by Thirty Curiaf-
 es, and beats down all that withstood
 him: Yet notwithstanding, the Coun-
 try people came in so fast upon them
 on every side, that they were forced to
 fly, and leave six or seven of their com-
 pany kill'd and taken Prisoners behinde
 them; who two or three days after
 were broken on the Wheel at *Bessay*.

A while after this Encounter they
 took a Gentleman, who lived not far
 from thence, and having hood-wink'd
 him, they led him into their Fortrefs;
 where they shewed him all their Pro-
 vision and Ammunition, their Mill with
 which they grinde their Corn, as also
 their Ovens, their great number of
 Muskets, of Pikes, Blunderbusses and
 Granadoes, their Field-pieces with their
 bullets, their Fortifications and Ditches,
 but above all, their Mines, Draw-brid-
 ges, Gates, and Portcullices, and every
 thing else remarkable in this their Ca-
 stle;

file; at which he was not a little astonished, thinking that he was all this while in a dream.

At last they conducted him into the common Hall, which was richly hung all-over with Spanish Leather which they had taken out of a Vessel on the Sea near the sands of *Anlonne*, (for their Robberies extended as well upon the Sea as at Land) where, after being treated with a most magnificent Collation served up all in Plate, they again hoodwink him, and carry him back again to the place whence they took him up without any hurt.

The people of *Britain* and the low *Poission*, daring not to travel, made their complaints to the Magistrates; but all the business was, to know where to find him; for one day he was seen about *Nantes* and *Rennes*, and two hours after about *Dieppe* and *Roan*; so that the common people lookt upon him as an Enchanter.

There was order howsoever given to
 Monsieur

Monsieur *Parabelle*, Governour of
 the Fort, and to all the Officers of the
 neighbouring Cities, that they should
 meet together, & march directly, being
 conducted by the Gentleman afore-
 spoken of, to the Forest of *Machecons*,
 with the greatest haste and secrecie
 that might be. There was besides the
 Provosts, who were about Sixteen or
 Eighteen of them, with their Officers,
 several others, who voluntarily joyn-
 ed themselves with them, to the num-
 ber of 4000 men, who were guided
 up all of them by the person who had
 been before in the Fortrefs.

Lycaon was not a little astonisht in
 seeing such a multitude round about
 him, who had begirt the place, and
 planted several Field-pieces against
 it: wherefore he encourages his men,
 who were to the number of 300, to
 make a sally out upon them; for to
 keep within there, was certainly to
 perish. But alas, this their first Onset
 was too furious to last long; for being

overpowered by such multitudes, they began to fall down on every side.

Lycaon thinking to break through all, was at length, with several of his Crew who stood by him to the last, beaten down and taken, and was carried to *Saincte*; where, after the Rack, he was broken on the Wheel dying with such an admirable Constancie, that all the Spectators, though before they never so much hated him were more concerned for him than he seemed to be for himself.

CHAP. II.

*The Life and Death of Arpalin,
a notorious Villain.*

Am very sensible how difficult a thing it would be here to take notice of all the Tricks and Subtleties of this Rascal, whose Life I intend now to write; wherefore I shall content my self with an Account of some of the most remarkable Actions of it.

This person made himself be called *Arpalin*; and was born, as far as we could learn by our enquiries, in a little Village betwixt *Savoy* and *Dauphiné*. He was from a Childe so given to the base vice of Stealing, that whatsoever he touched stuck to his fingers; and was wont, the better to carry on his Villanies, to change him-

self

self into as many shapes as *Proteus* being a man that so well understood the world, I mean the Tricks and Fallacies of it, that he could humour any thing, there being no part that came amiss to him. And for as much as he could speak several Languages, he accommodated their use to his particular occasions: Sometimes mingling himself with a Crew of vagabond Rogues, whom we call Gypsies, he with great applause practised all their tricks of Legerdemain, and *passé passé* being an excellent Rope-dancer, and one who tumbled, and told Fortunes to the admiration of all that saw and heard him. In short, we may well believe this, seeing they of his own trade took him for an accomplished Artist.

And with these Tatterdemallion Ingeniosoes, he ran up and down throughout all Fairs and Concourses of people in France and elsewhere, changing continually his Post and Fashion,

fashion, and seldom making use twice
 the same invention. To day he
 was a Merchant, to morrow a Souldier,
 the next day a Gentleman, the next
 day after a Begger. In a word, he
 was every day what he pleased him-
 self.

Moreover, in what part of the
 world soever he was in, he said he
 was of all Trades and of all Coun-
 tries: So that in the company of Han-
 dicrafts-men, of Fencers, and Sea-
 men, he was all three together; and
 in the company of *Germans, Italians,*
 and *Spaniards*, he was, he told them,
 of each of their particular Coun-
 tries.

He was wont, when he had done
 any signal Roguery, to cover his body
 all-over with stinking Sear-cloaths
 and Ointments, and his face with
 Plaisters; so that it was impossible for
 his own Mother to know him. Some-
 times he was a blinde Harper, other
 times, forsooth, you might see him

swinging himself on Crutches: Sometimes he fastened artificial Arms to his body, whilst that in the Church he made use of natural ones to cut Purse-strings. After he had acted over all the parts in a Town or City, he then shifts to another, or else he made himself be admired as a man of another world, coming from the *Antipodes*, giving people to understand, that he was chief Physician to the Great *Mogul*, and King of *Persia*: and as such one he mounted the Stage, being in all points indeed a most accomplished Mountebank, no Disease coming amiss to him, curing the incurable *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Paracelsus*, and *Ponteus*, and all the learned Rabble were men that might have put themselves to him as Apprentices: In short, another *Æsculapius*. Upon the Stage he so charmed the people into astonishment with his babble, that he made them buy off again his Drugs; and gave his Comrades opportunity

to

om to draw out the Quintessence of their
to lockets.

ch He in the meant time, forsooth,
ur continuing, for the Publick good, to
the trumpet forth the marvellous secrets
the of his Medicines; but above all, pro-
him mising them strange things, if they
or he would take the pains to come to con-
des fer with him at his Chamber, as in
t he effect he did to those who came there,
Me shewing them, to their cost, that his
ch fellow was as yet unborn. For Oc-
all cult Philosophy, for a full knowledge
h of the utmost Effects of Art and Na-
a ture, and for his sharp insight in the
le Mysteries of the Superiour bodies;
no but above all, for an intire command
e of the Infernal Spirits, no mortal
n could ever yet attain to such bound-
t less ability: For then discovering
c himself to them with a thousand In-
junctions of secrecy, he offered to sell
them familiar Spirits, to shew them
Spectrums and Demons in glasses.
To the Covetous he would promise,

for such a sum of money paid down to his Pist
him before-hand, to teach them to dis: wh
cover Golden Mines ; and to kinde observ
hearted Maidens, their as kinde Sweetrmed
hearts ; and to Fops and ingenious word
Triflers, the Philosophers Stone. gradu
which
other
being
No

In the mean time he never so much sever
forgot himself amongst all these pas vera
times, but he ever remembred his bu: eeiv
siness, which was to get money. ticu
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It happened that being one day
strayed from his Gang, for it was he
from whom the story takes its rise, he
on purpose put himself into the hands
of a Thief ; who not knowing him,
as soon as ever he saw him, comes up
to him and claps a Pistol to his breast,
telling him, he must deliver his mo-
ney : which Order *Arpalin* was forced
to obey ; but desired him withal, that
seeing he gave it him without resi-
stance , and lest his Master should
think, whose money it was, that he
parted from it without blows , he
would do him the favour to discharge
his

his Pistol at his Hat and shoot through
 which having done, and *Arpalin*
 observing that they were in all points
 armed alike, claps his hand to his
 sword, and so distresses the under-
 graduate, that besides his own Purse
 which he had again, he makes the
 other intrust him with the office of
 being his Purse-bearer too.

Now as his Gang were made up of
 several sorts of Artists, so he made se-
 veral uses of them according as he per-
 ceived which way every mans par-
 ticular talent lay. Some of them be-
 ing excellent at making false Keys
 and Betties, he would never suffer
 them to want employment. Others
 were ingenious at wrenching off of
 locks, at making Deaf Files, which
 wasted the iron without noise, making
 the strongest fastened door give way
 for their passage.

Arpalin having for a long time li-
 ved after this manner, and ranged
 with great success throughout the best

Cities of *Europe*, arrived at last again with his Attendants at *Paris*, where they went, according to their usual manner, each man to his particular Lodging: but forasmuch as *Arpalis* as their chief had ever the principal part to act, he lodged himself on purpose at a noted house of entertainment for strangers, where he soon insinuated himself amongst them, making them believe that he was likewise a stranger, and came to *Paris* for no other reason but onely to see the Town, and frequent honest Conversations. And as he had a notable way with him to conceal his intentions, so he trapt these strangers with such specious pretences, that it was impossible for them to take him for any other than the best-natured man living. Sometimes he would carry them out along with him to Supper, not suffering them to pay a farthing; but onely at their return homewards, were certainly robbed by fellows planted.

planted expressly by him, who took from him his Cloak first, to take away all suspicion ; and in the morning he was sure to have it again, and with it the greatest share in the Booty.

Sometimes he would carry six or seven of those strangers to the Play-house, where he would pay for them ; but then he failed not to place them among his Accomplices, whom he had on purpose sent there beforehand, who never let them go till they had pickt their pockets. A certain Dutch-man hapning into *Arpalin's* company, and having found his pockets pickt of all the money he had about him save one Guiney, he told them neer him, that he was resolved that they that got the others should not get that too ; whereupon he claps it in his mouth : Which being observed by him that had before dealt with him, *You shall lye*, said he softly to himself, *in spight of your teeth, for all your security* : And at the same time

time he follows his man, being ac-
company'd with other Rogues whom
he had acquainted with his intention.
Wherefore he making as if he would
have pulled out his Handkerchief, let
fall on purpose on the ground a con-
siderable quantity both of Gold and
Silver, which he prayed the by-stand-
ers to gather up for him; when ob-
serving the Dutch-man as well as o-
thers stoop to help him, one of his
confederates, to whom he had tipt the
wink, began to cry out Thief; saying,
that the Dutch-man instead of retur-
ning the money which he had taken
up, had, that he might the better con-
ceal it, hid a piece in his mouth:
which so moved the assistants, that
they all immediately fell upon him, so
beating and kicking of him, that
they made him return it again to him
whom they thought the right owner.

These were some of the many in-
ventions he made use of: for should
we relate them all, they would be suf-
ficient

ac- ficient to make a book of themselves.
 on- Wherefore we shall onely take notice
 on- of one act more of his perfidiousness,
 ul- and so hasten to give you an account
 le- of his end.

on- Having heard one day that there
 no- was some persons to be executed at
 n- *Le Greve*, the apprehension which he
 b- had lest there should be some of his
 o- Companions amongst them, made him
 is- hasten thither ; where amongst the
 e- crowd he singles out a young man,
 g, well clad, and of a good mein, named
 - *Florizard*, and enquiring of him what
 one of the Prisoners had done, whom
 he pointed out, *He hath killed*, an-
 swered *Florizard*, *my Lord D'Alize*,
 a man of great esteem at Court, as well
 for his birth as excellent qualities ;
 and the common report is, that he
 went even to his bed and there stran-
 gled him. At which words *Arpalin*
 smiling cri'd out, that he was a silly
 Rascal to suffer himself to be taken.
 For my part, continued he, should I
 ever

ever have occasion to do the like, I de-
sire the taking of me. Florizard at
 these words lookt stedfastly on *Arpa-*
lin, and observing in him the coun-
 tenance of a man that dared any thing
You seem to me, saies he, to be a per-
son that would not baulk an adven-
ture because dangerous: but the busi-
ness which I shall propose to your con-
sideration, may be effected with small
hazard, provided you be secret, and
follow my directions. These words at
 first startled our bold undertaker, as
 having never before had any com-
 merce with the proposer: Yet not-
 withstanding he fails not of giving
 him attention; telling him withal
 (that he might the better sound him)
 That if he had any thing of concern-
 ment to acquaint him with, they
 should withdraw, and discourse toge-
 ther without witnesses. In saying
 which, they both walk out of the
 Crowd, and *Florizard* carries his new
 Acquaintance to a Tavern where he

was

was used to frequent; and there having conveniently seated themselves and drank a round or two, offers him, on the part of his Master, a Person of Quality, Five hundred Guineys, if he would undertake to murder an ancient man, whom he named to him. *Arpalin* likes his proposals, and promises him his man dead at midnight: Upon which promise *Florizard* gives him One hundred pieces in earnest, with a promise of the rest when he had done his work. They part thereupon, and *Arpalin* goes immediately to one of his Comrades, named *le Balafre*, a man full of wicked resolutions, and ready at all times to execute the most horrid villanies; to whom he communicates his design and Fifty pieces, half of that which he had received, and agree together concerning the manner of the Murder. Wherefore at Eleven a clock in the night they go to the ancient man's house, and finding the gates shut, they with their

Betties

Betties and other Instruments got them open and entered, and having with them a Dark-lanthorn, they go softly up stairs, and finding the old man a bed, they most inhumanely murder him: Which having done, they put him in a Sack and carry him, each of them by turns, directly to the place where *Florizard* had appointed them. And having received the rest of the money, they together dig a hole and throw the Corpse in it: Which they had no sooner done, but these two wretches, fearing least *Florizard* should at some time or other discover them, fell upon him likewise and killed him, throwing him in the same hole with the other. And at the same time *Arpalin*, whether beginning to mistrust *Balafre*, or being desirous to have all the money to himself, yet so it was, that he sets upon him unawares, and treats him as the two others, covering him with earth in the same place, and so departs.

After

After this and many other Tragical Actions, he retreats (being weary with running up and down the world) into one of the best Cities of *Dauphiné*, where giving himself more than ever to wickedness and debaucherie, the Divine Justice, which slept not, overlooked him : For it hapning that some fellows being taken for a Robbery by them committed, accused him also of sundry Villanies, which they, as his Companions, knew he had been guilty of : wherefore being once laid hold on, there came in so many witnesses against him, that for all his tricks and inventions he was sentenced to be hanged, and bear them company ; which Sentence was accordingly executed, he marching to the place of Execution with the same undaunted and resolute countenance as he was observed to have in his life-time.

C H A P. I I I.

The Life and Death of la Chénay, a famous Villain.

T *A Chénay* was born of honest Parents, who took all possible care that this their Son might be brought up as becometh a man sprung from good a Family; but he would never hearken to their wholesome counsel, but was resolved to break through all virtuous sentiments, and wholly to betake himself to all manner of wickedness. Wherefore having watched an opportunitie, he takes what monies he could light of in his Father's house, and departs, glad that he might now range the world with liberty, resolving with himself (being naturally cruel, and one who could with

as little horrbour dip his hands in bloud
 (as in water) to commit every thing
 that his Lust should suggest to him;
 and in a short time made himself so
 remarkable for his Villanies, that
 there came several Rogues to enroll
 themselves under his Standart, as to
 a man that wanted neither resolution
 to undertake, nor skill to perform the
 most hazardous Enterprizes. And
 the Discipline and Trial which he put
 them upon who thus came to him, is
 not the least considerable: for he was
 wont to lock them up for two days
 together in a Chamber; without ei-
 ther eating or drinking; and to make
 them lie out three or four nights bare-
 headed in the open air, that he might
 the better know who were fit for his
 purpose.

One Winter-night, when the wea-
 ther was so unpleasant, by reason of
 Fogs, Hail, and Snow, that no body
 cared to stir out of their Lodgings, he
 divided his Crew into three Bands, and
 planted

planted them on the *Pont-neuf* in *Paris*, for it was there as in his proper sphere, where he moved himself.

When it happening that a Country Attorney, well mounted and accoutred, was about passing over the Bridge on that side where lies *Dauphiné-street*, but scarcely had he set foot upon it, but he saw himself immediately beset with six Thieves, who with horrid Oaths and Imprecations, charged him to alight off his horse, and make no words on't, for if he did, they would throw him over into the River: which, what with their Oaths and Curses, together with the coldness of the weather, so chilled the poor Lawyer, that he could not, if he would, have spoken a word for trembling. When *la Chénay* comes up to him, as being their Captain, and sets a Pistol to his breast, commanding him without delay to deliver his money; which the other, thinking so to be rid of them, immediately did, putting his

foot

foot in the stirrop, and hoping now that he might pass on freely : when presently comes up a Rascal to him, pretending himself so lame by a fall he lately had gotten, that he could not go home a foot, wherefore he must needs borrow his horse of him; which the other was forced to alight off and lend him; and so with much ado gets from them, rejoicing howsoever that he had now past, as he thought, all danger : When loe, suddenly as he came up to *le Cheval de Bronze*, he was again surrounded with a parcel of Rogues, who viewing him neerly, demanded whence he came, and where he was going : to whom he related his piteous adventure, and into what cruel hands he had fallen. *How, cruel !* answered one of the gang, *how durst you use these terms ? and who made you so bold as to pass the Cheval de Bronze, without pulling off your hat ?* Pray, Sir, be pleased henceforwards to learn
more

more manners. Which saying, he
 snatcheth his Beaver off his head, and
 a Diamond-ring off his finger valued
 at neer Two hundred crowns. What
 could our poor Gentleman do? to re-
 turn back again, was, To leap out of the
 Frying-pan (as we say) into the fire
 wherefore he faintly puts on. When
 scarce had he got to the *Samaritane*
 but the third Band, who lay as Sentinels
 in this place, make up to him, bringing
 along with them a man who had not a
 rag of cloaths on his back but his shirt
 (a dreadful thing, considering the time
 of the year, it being in the depth of
 Winter :) *Sir*, said one of them, who
 seemed to be the eldest of the com-
 pany, *you will do a charitable deed to*
let this poor wretch have your Cloak
who you see hath nothing to cover him
being almost dead with cold. The
 Lawyer would willingly have pleaded
 that Charity begins at home, and that
 every man is bound by the Laws of
 Nature to conserve his own being rather
 than

than others: but alas, his Clients were other kind of men than to be moved by the Laws of the Land or Nature either; wherefore they took from him his Cloak, telling him, that it was a favour that they took not from him his life also, seeing he made so bad use of it.

Not long after this, *la Chénay* so wrought on a Lacquey by fair words, and some small gratuity, that he discovered to him all the concerns of his Master's house: upon which information he commands one of his rogues, who attended him, to go to this Gentleman and offer him his service; which the other so plausibly performed, that with *la Chénay's* recommendation, (who pretended himself a person of quality) he was without any further enquiry received into the house: Where he had not been long, but he gets the Keys and imprints them in Past, giving the print of them to *la Chénay*, who presently orders

orders a Lock-Smith to counterfeit at
 them : which being done, they expect
 the Gentleman's going into the Coun-
 try ; which he soon after did , to
 house of his pleasantly seated near
Pontoise : of which having received
 notice , immediately the next night
 they beset the house, and with their
 false Keys and other Instruments, forced
 their passage. When no sooner had
 they gotten in , but they presently
 make up to the Closet where the
 had information the Money lay, but
 by chance there was none there : so
 in revenge they entered into the next
 Chamber, where having broke open
 great Trunk, they took out of it
 much Plate as was worth Five hun-
 dred pounds, and were just ready to
 go out, when the Master of the house
 with two Lacqueys, enters, returning
 sick from the Countrie ; at which
 our Rascals were not a little surprized
 knowing not what course to take
 for, to make out with their Bootie, when

perfect attempt that which was almost
 expenſible. Wherefore they hid them-
 ſelves as well as they could ; but the
 to miſchief on it was, that they happen-
 ed into the Chamber where the Lac-
 queys lay, and there hid themſelves,
 ſome under the Beds, others behinde
 the Cupboards, and in corners of the
 rooms whitherſoever they could as
 they thought with conveniencie be-
 hid themſelves.

The Maſter of the houſe not know-
 ing any thing at all of what had hap-
 pened, goes to bed : There was heard
 indeed ſome kinde of noiſe, but they
 could not miſtruſt Thieves, ſeeing
 that they found the doors lockt as
 they left them.

After the Lacqueys had gotten in-
 to their Chamber and were aſleep,
 they under the bed firſt creep out in-
 to another Chamber next the ſtreet ;
 where they cut the bed-cloaths into
 ſlips, faſtening them to the window,
 and ſo ſlid down. *La Chénay* and one

D

more

more remained alone, that they might let down the Bootie ; when it came presently into *la Chénay's* minde that he had left his Pistol on the Table in the Chamber where the Lacquey lay, and being not willing to loose it, he, like *Æsop's* Dog, instead of getting two pieces of flesh, lost the which he had already in his jaws. For going in to fetch it, he had not sooner laid his hand on it, but it presently (having a very easie Spring discharges, and awakened them of the house, who immediately put themselves into a posture of defence. *La Chénay* flies presently to the window and first offers to slide down, when scarcely had he got half way, but the knots wherewith the Cloaths were tied slipt, and he falls on the ground. He received not so much hurt, but that he made a shift to scramble to his Companions, and give them notice of the danger. The other who was left behind in the Chamber, was as

an amazed, seeing himself alone
 three stories high, without any possi-
 bility of following his Companions;
 that he was quickly put out of doubt
 how to dispose of himself: the folks
 of the house, with Halberts and other
 arms, coming soon into the Chamber
 where he was, with their Master, who
 had also taken the Alarm, believing
 the whole house to be full of Thieves;
 but having after much search found
 none but this man, after severe cudgel-
 ing of him, they shut him up in at-
 tendance of the morning. When he
 seeing the extremity he was in, resol-
 ved rather to break his neck out of
 the window, than remain a remediless
 victim to their just passion: where-
 fore having tied two or three Napkins
 together with his Garters, and fasten-
 ed them to the window, he gets out,
 thinking to slide down by them as far
 as they would reach; but alas, they
 presently brake, and he with the fall,
 being on the Free-stones, split his
 head

head in pieces. The Watch hearing they cried Thieves, made such close pursuit after them, that they took two who were a while after executed.

La Chénay seeing how ill his two Companions were treated, changed his Post, and skulks with the rest of his Associates about the Suburbs of *St. Marcel*, quartering themselves nights in the University; being not often seen abroad, having been described to the Judges. Whilst he lay thus about the University, he had notice of a young man of the County of *Champagne*, who came on purpose to *Paris* for his Studies, and had brought a considerable quantity of money for his maintenance: when upon they accost him, and finding him of an easie and pliable temper, they grew in a short time so well acquainted, that they must needs go to dinner together, pretending themselves likewise Scholars: But before they went, one of the Gang ordered
(might

mighty courteously) the Porter, coming from the Carriers with his trunk, to set it in his Closet, and lock it, giving him the Key ; which having done, they set out together. When having dined, they conduct him to the Colledge of *Navarre*, and walk him up and down till they sought their Companions, to whom they had given another Key of the same Closet, had conveyed, as indeed they did, all the young man's money and cloaths away.

A while after this, he takes along with him three or four of his Gang to the house of a rich Citizen in *St. Stephens* Parish ; and having watched the opportunitie of his being alone in the house, they knock at the door, desiring to speak with him. The Maid-servant thinking that they were Gentlemen, made no scruple to let them in : Whereupon they presently go up stairs into the Chamber where the Master of the house was ; whom

they compliment, pretending that he came to him to confer about extraordinary business : Whereupon *la Chénay* drawing him aside, tells him in his ear, that he must needs lend them Two hundred Crowns. Which hearing, he would fain have gotten from them ; but setting a Pistol to his breast they soon hindered him, swearing with horrid Imprecations, that if he muttered a word, and did not quietly and speedily satisfy their demands, he was a dead man : which made him, in spite of his teeth, comply with their requests. No sooner had they gotten out of the house, but he makes after them, and got two of them apprehended, the rest escaping, who were afterwards, for this and many other Rogueries, executed at *la Greve*.

La Chénay had committed so many Villanies, and was so well known in *Paris*, that he perceived he could no longer with securitie stay there any longer whereupon he resolves to beat the Road

the road, and in effect gets to *Montau-*
tra during the time of the Siege, and
z Ch here stayes a while in the Armie ; but
him finding that he had not there that li-
the bertie to do mischief as he desired, he
hea gathers together a pack of ruidie
a fro Villains, the chief of whom were *la*
brea *ontaine*, *la Pointe*, and *la Faverie*,
with and left it.

The first Encounter they made, was
 of two Gentlemen in *Guyenne* ; who
 returning from the Armie, were by
 them, at the corner of a Wood, most
 inhumanely murdered.

La Chénay was wont to give this
 in charge to his Companions : that
 whenever they saw any Merchant, or
 person of considerable Quality, that
 they should, before he came neer
 them, set themselves to their Musick
 and Dancing, and constrain him into
 the middle of the Dance ; who often-
 times, God knows, had rather have
 danced a Courant than a Galliard : but
 they were not so busied in their dan-
 cing,

cing, but that they lookt to put him in when he was out, and made him profess 'twas the dearest Musick he ever bought in his life; constraining him to part with what he had to pay the honest Fidler, who had recreated him with such choice Musick.

And this Stratagem was put in practice in all places wheresoever they came, and especially towards three Merchants, whom they set upon after this manner in the Forest of *Orleans*; constraining them to rejoice at their Losses, and to cut capers for the Rape committed on them. But as mens designs do not always happen according to expectation, so it chanced that a stout Blade, a brave Souldier, called *L'Espine*, fortun'd to ride the Road where they were; and coming up to them in a Valley near *Gergeau* upon the River *Loire*, as soon as ever he came near, *la Chénay* judge by his Garb and Countenance, that he had likely good store of money where

wherefore he lights from his horse, making signes to his Companions to do the like, and takes his Cittern, meeting of him, singing forsooth, and dancing : But the Gentleman knowing not to what end these Gambals ended, fell back a little, and would have put himself in a posture of defence before he passed forwards ; but they pretending that 'twas nothing but a mere Frolick , took away the apprehension of their designs : So that being in the midst of them, they set to their accustomed dancing. Yet notwithstanding , upon second thoughts, he concludes that their intentions must needs terminate in Villanie : wherefore pretending to tie his Quarters, he dexterously dis-engageth himself from them, running to *la Chénay's* horse, who was tied to the bough of a Tree, and nimbly mounts him, cutting with a Sword his Bridle; and makes his way maugre all their efforts through the midst of the dance,

laying two of them, with their pates broken, on the ground; and riding directly to the Provost of Orleans, telling him what had happened, and where he thought he might meet with them. But they came too late; for *la Chénay*, finding himself cheated of his hopes, leaves the Country, and with his Companions marcheth over into *Picardy*, exercising there their tricks, till they had after this sort abused so many people, that they were forced to shift again the Country.

After this, *la Chénay*, being accompanied with onely two of his Companions, set upon a Merchant of *Beauvais* coming to *Paris*, taking away not onely his Goods and Horse, but his Life too. Whilst *la Chénay* went to the Horse-market to sell the Horse, the other two expose the Merchandize to sale; which turn'd to their ruine: for when 'twas known that they offered their Goods at so low a rate, it was imagined immediately that they came

not honestly by them ; and in effect,
being laid hold on upon suspicion,
they confessed the whole matter.

La Chénay, whose destiny reserved
him for another place, came to finde
his Merchants in the Hall ; but seeing
a great confusion of people in the
place where he had left them, it came
into his minde that they were taken ;
whereupon he places the rest of his
hopes in his heels , leaving his two
Companions behinde him, who were
broken a while after on the Wheel.
A man would think, that having esca-
ped so many times the hand of Justice,
when he was in as great danger as his
other Companions were, it should have
reclaimed him ; but he rather making
use of this as an argument to continue
his Villanies than to leave them, resol-
ved still to persist in his former wicked
courses : Where he rallies his scatter-
ed Troop, and takes again the field ;
and having met with three Citizens,
he affronts them with a marvellous
auda-

audaciousness, and with a tone which argued nothing but blood and cruelty, he told the best accoutred of the three, that the Horse which he rode on was his, and had been lately stolen from him: that it must be returned him, or else he wore a Sword that should do him right. *La Faverie*, *la Pointe*, and *la Fontaine* set upon the others with the like impudence, and would needs make them believe the Horses that they rode on were theirs. The Citizens seeing it in vain to dispute Proprieties, were forced to alight off their Horses and leave them, with their Money likewise, behinde them, glad that they had far'd no worse; for *la Chénay* was a bloody-minded wretch, and valued no mans life; so little sense had he of Justice and common Goodness.

It happened, that being one day alone neer the Citie of *Mans*, walking in the Fields thereabouts whilst his Companions were gone to visit the
neigh-

neighbouring Fairs, he entred at night
 into an Inne, where no body, consi-
 dering his Garb and Mein, would
 have taken him for what he was, be-
 ing excellently well mounted, and in
 all things like a Gentleman. Now
 it chanced that the Provost of *Mans*
 and his men having heard that he
 vaulted thereabouts, were set out on
 purpose to try if they could take him;
 but forasmuch as none of them had
 ever seen his face, it was impossible
 for them to know him. Being in the
 Inne, he enquires of the Inne-keeper
 what Guests he had; who returns an-
 swer, that there was onely one Compa-
 ny: Whereupon he bids the Host ask
 them whether they would not think
 it troublesome for him to sup with
 them: to whom the Provost return-
 ed answer, That he should take it as
 a great favour if the Gentleman would
 be pleased to honour him with his
 company. Whereupon *la Chénay* en-
 ters, being receiv'd with all the respect
 ima-

imaginable. To make short of it they seat themselves, and he telleth how he returned from the Army, and that his Lacqueys, being not able to keep pace with him, were left behind at a Village, which he named, not far from thence. They entertain one another with several Discourses, as well what had passed at *Languedoc*, as at *Vivarets*, *Rochell*, and other places: but as they fell from one thing to another, especially concerning what had happened thereabouts, *la Chénay* perceived that he was in the midst of them who were set out on purpose to take him; whereupon he then (understanding his part) acts accordingly, detesting all Thieves, and telling them how that coming out from *Tholouse* he was robb'd by a crew of Rogues of all he had brought from the Army.

The Provost, who understood not whereto tended this discourse, very gravely listens to him, thinking that
truth

truth it self spake by his mouth. To make short, having all supped, they betake themselves to their Chambers: and the best of it all was, that *la Chénay* lay in the same Room with the Provost; and being willing to give himself pastime, he orders the Hostler to get ready his horse at Four of the clock in the morning, intending to be before noon at *Mans*. Whereupon he gets up as soon as ever it was light, reckons with his Host, and pays not onely his own share, but the Provost's too: And as he was ready to mount on his horse, he draws the Innkeeper apart, and chargeth him to tell the Provost, that he with whom last night he had supped, was *la Chénay*, whom he had so much sought after; and that he had paid his scot for him.

Two hours after this, the Provost he riseth, demanding whether the Gentleman was set out yet; and answer being returned, Near three hours ago,

ago, and that he had remitted the account to them behinde; he at this falls into a passion, and admires that so brave a Gentleman as he should put such a trick upon him. The Inne-keeper perceiving him to stomach it so much, told him at last that he that supped with them was call'd *la Chénay*, and that he had indeed paid the whole reckoning for them: At which the Provost was ten times madder than before, cursing and swearing at the Inne-keeper, that he did not tell him of it sooner; th'other excuseth himself, as not knowing any thing of their concerns, having never before seen *la Chénay*, wherefore he could not be reasonably blamed, for giving him a simple account of what passed betwixt them.

The Provost all in haste raiseth the Countrey to pursue him; but all in vain, for he had by that time gotten at least 10 Leagues off, escaping
after

After this manner from them.

But it is in vain for him to think to escape divine Justice; the blood of so many poor wretches, whom he had most cruelly murdered, cryed to Heaven for vengeance, and would not suffer him any longer upon the earth: for as he ranged about *Fontainebleau* and the Forrest of *Orleans*, *la Fontaine* comes and gives him notice, that if he were minded to make a good booty, there was a great Fair kept in the Countrey of *Perche*, and that it was needful there should be to the number of five or six, who should go straight to *Vernueil*, as being a place near the Fair, and, if occasion required, very necessary for their retreat.

This counsel was assoon executed as proposed, *la Chénay* taking along with him *la Faverie*, *la Pointe*, and four or five more, and make straight-waies thither; giving out, that they went upon designe of helping a Gentleman,

tleman, a friend of theirs, who was to fight a Duel.

In the mean time, *la Fontaine*, who was the guide in this enterprize, went directly to *Perche*, walking about the Fair, and making as if he came purposely to buy Goods; but indeed 'twas to consider who had most Money, they being the men he did intend to force a Trade withal: and having understood that one of them that kept the Fair, had sold Commodities to the value of seven hundred Pounds; after information of the place of his abode and time of departure, he came and communicated his discoveries to *la Chénay*, saying which was the word amongst them, that *The Gentleman had taken the field*. Upon which *la Chénay* sets out with his companions, and being come to the place appointed, there hid themselves behinde a Hedge, about half a League off of *Vernueil*, to th'intent they might be ready when

when the Merchant passed by there :
 but it hapned (howsoever it came to
 pass) that the Magistrates of *Vernueil*
 got notice of this their Cabal ; upon
 which the City was all in a tumult :
 there was enquirie made presently
 after them in the *Inne*, where they
 had lodged the last night ; but there
 they could learn nothing of them,
 but only that they were Gentlemen,
 who came to assist their friend who
 was to fight. This pretence was
 specious enough, and many were in
 the minde not to concern themselves
 any further about them : yet never-
 theless, as there are some men who
 see further a great deal than others,
 so these concluded on the other side,
 that there must needs be something
 in it which lookt ill, and that this
 Duel must be fantastick and imagi-
 nary, and invented by them as a
 cloak to cover some notable Villany :
 to which it was added, that they
 were seen to pry about the Fair, and
 that,

that, without doubt, their intent was not good; upon these conjectures it was thought fitting to make after them: whereupon the chief of the City, being followed by twenty or thirty men well-arm'd, as well Horse as Foot, made up to the place where they had notice they lay. But *la Chénay* and his companions perceiving that this troop approaching concerned them, took the alarm, and rode away as fast as their Horses could carry them, for about ten miles together, and hid themselves in an Inn, hoping that they were now out of danger: Where they had no sooner refreshed themselves, but the House was immediately beset on every side with as well those that came in their pursuit from *Vernueil*, as of the Villages thereabouts, who came in flock after them.

But as they saw the people crowd more and more about the house where they were, so there were two

t wa of them so nimble, as to make their
 ures scape; there remaining but four
 afte behinde, who thinking to get on
 f th horseback, were so closely followed
 ty o by the Countrey-people, that they
 Hor were constrained to leave their Hor-
 when ses and stand upon their guard. *La*
Ché *Faverie* and *la Fontaine* were in the
 iving yard ready to mount their Horses;
 ncer but the Peasants so laid on them with
 l rid their Forks, Rakes and Staves, that
 ould they could not, for all their dexte-
 oge rity, avoid being taken. *La Ché-*
 nne *ney* seeing his Companions taken,
 t o thought within himself, that this was
 one not a time to dally in, but that 'twas
 ouse his best way to barricadoe the door
 ide with Benches, Stools, Tables, and
 ne other Lumber which he could finde
 7il in the Room, that he might stop the
 ck fury of the rude multitude.

The Host in the mean time knows
 not the cause of this tempest, which
 came thundering in such a manner on
 his house, being charg'd with such
 earnest-

earnestness to deliver up them who came there. He knew not what answer to make them, nor indeed could have come at them if he would, neither could tell what to say, but that they were Gentlemen that were unknown to him, as having never seen them in his life before. But to conclude, *la Chénay* and *la Pointe* having so fastened the door that 'twas almost impossible to enter, they get up to the Windows, crying out, That they wonder'd at this usage; that they were Gentlemen and persons of reputation, and therefore they had best to have a care how they thus treated them; yet notwithstanding all this, the people ceas'd not to endeavour to get at them, with such eagerness, that there was nothing, as is usually in such cases, but confusion and disorder.

A Gentleman, living not far off, named Monsieur *la Brussé*, hearing this noise, took horse, and with three

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four of his Attendants came, where
 the noise directed him; where be-
 ing come, he seeth the Magistrates
 and Officers of *Vernueil*, and enquires
 of them th'occasion of this tumult;
 and being given to understand the
 reasons of it, he so orders the business,
 that he comes to the speech of *la*
bénay, who understanding his qua-
 lity, and perceiving him a Gentleman,
 tells him how little reason there was
 they should be thus used, and what
 pity it was that they must be offered
 up as Victims to the fury of the Po-
 pulacy; desiring him withal, that he
 by his authority and interposition
 would appease this vulgar commoti-
 on, and get them out of the hands of
 these Rusticks.

The *Sieur de la Brussé*, seeing them
 in good equipage, could never have
 been perswaded, had not the event
 shewed the contrary, but that they
 were really such as they pretended
 themselves; whereupon he desireth
 the

the Judge of *Vernueil*, that he would permit him to conduct them to his house, and that there they should be examined concerning what they had to say to them.

To which the Judge agrees, provided that he may draw up a verbal Process of the whole matter; which being done, and *la Brussé's* request granted, they return to *Vernueil*.

The four Thieves being now at *la Brussé's* house, are continually plotting and contriving their escape; but there being strict charge given by the Magistrates concerning them, it being the condition upon which they were delivered, they wanted no more for looking after. *La Chénay*, who display'd all his inventions to escape, pretended he belonged to a Nobleman, who lived a considerable way from thence; to whom when a Letter was sent to know the truth, there was answer return'd, that he was far from belonging to him, that

ould never heard that there was such a
 person in the world : so that two or
 three days after, he sent into the Citie
 the Magistrates to be discharg'd of
 them.

It was thought expedient to come
 well armed, it being likely that there
 was more of their Crew abroad, and
 who, if they should have notice, would
 come to their Rescue : wherefore
 they brought two Companies of Soul-
 diers, that they might with greater
 security conduct them to the Castle.

La Chénay desisted not still to
 threaten them who had made this tu-
 mult, as he call'd it, protesting he
 would make them pay dearly for their
 insolence to a person who was their
 superiour ; that they were mistaken
 in their man ; that it was not to him
 that they should put these abuses.
 But alas, all these bravadoes were to
 little purpose ; for they were soon
 after, being in custody, known by se-
 veral persons, who deposed against
 E them

them : So that being clearly proved
 guilty of several Murthers , Theft
 and Robberies, they were sentenced
 (as 'tis usual in *France*) to do Pen-
 nance in their shirts , with light
 Torches in their hands , before the
 great Church of *Vernueil* , and after-
 wards to be broken alive on the
 Wheel ; which was accordingly ex-
 ecuted : *la Pointe*, *la Faverie*, and
Fontaine, confess ingenuously the
 several Crimes, reproaching *la Chén*
 upon the Wheel, as having debauched
 them from the Army , and brought
 them upon these horrid practices, and
 consequently to this shameful End.
 But he on the contrary took his Death
 with such a strange kind of undau-
 tedness, that it is impossible to con-
 ceive, without being an Eye-wit-
 ness, saying never a word, but looking
 at the people with a countenance that
 argued a scorn to live though life was
 granted him ; shewing the same re-
 solution and fierceness at his Death
 which

which was observ'd to have run
rough the current of his whole
life.

CHAP. IV.

The Life of la Fleur.

It would be but little benefit and
satisfaction to the Reader, to have
an account of this persons Extracti-
on, Village, Town, or City where he
was born, seeing that these things, if
we knew them, would not be mate-
rial to our Relation: for we will not
suppose him, with *Mercury*, to be a
thief as soon as ever he peep't out of
the shell; and therefore I hope I may
spar'd the pains of further enqui-
ries, being willing to relate nothing
of him but what we finde upon un-
doubted Records to be true; and
be-

being desirous to come to that part
his age in which, by a thousand V
lanies, he made himself in *Paris* a
elsewhere remarkable.

For having one day notice of the
return of a certain Merchant of *Sen*
to *Paris* from the Low Countries,
dressing himself in womens Appa
with three or four of his Compan
ons, marches thither; where the
were at least three days in expecta
on of his appearance, but at last the
descried him a great way off desc
ding the Hills: which made *la Fle*
prepare himself for his Entertain
ment, lying down in the Road wi
piteous Cries and Lamentations, a
cusing Heaven and Earth as Consp
rators of his Misfortunes. The M
chant being a man of a brisk and a
temper, and one who well understo
the delights of Feminine Convers
tions, was not a little moved with
at this happy surprizal, as imagin
himself in an easie possession of

singul

articular Beauty: For indeed *la Fleur*,
 though a man, had a Countenance, in
 which there appeared so much deli-
 cacy and sweetness, that there's few
 of women but would have been glad
 to have been possessors of the like
 features; pity it is that he should
 have made such use of them; but he
 was one of those handsom men the
 Gallows laid claim to. But to our
 story: the Merchant alights from his
 horse, and enquires of *la Fleur* the
 cause of his Complaints: Who, coun-
 terfeiting rarely well the Woman, told
 him a long story of her piteous ad-
 ventures, (without howsoever pul-
 ling off her Mask :) That she had been
 deceiving some of her Kindred, and was
 left there by her Brother upon some
 small distaste receiv'd; so that she
 could do no otherwise than lament
 her misfortune, and curse the time she
 set out with him, her Honour being
 through his occasion so much in dan-
 ger.

The Merchant hearing this discourse, imagines, poor man, that there must be truth in it ; and setting himself down neer this goodly Creature begins to enter into Appetite. *Fleur* making small resistance, once crying out, Whore-like, that now she was going to be undone, ruined, lost for ever ! *Alas, Sir*, said she, *what do you mean ? what will you do to me* Pray forbear, I cannot indeed ; away I pray : I am as yet a Maid ; I beseech you let me alone ; you'll hurt me : Pish, fie, I took you for another man ; what, loose my Honour, more dear than my life ! Away, 'tis in vain.

Whilst they were in these discourses there happens to ride along the Road a notable old jovial Fellow of *Compeigne*, a good Companion, and one who in his time had been a great Vaulter ; who perceiving the Merchant a courting the Lady, resolves to put in too for a share : Whereupon he alights

sights off his horse and makes up to them. Which *la Fleur* perceiving, cries out, she was the most miserable of women; that Heaven had ceas'd to take care of her; and that she should be happy, should the ground open and swallow her up. These two comforted her with many fair promises, taking her each of them by the hand, and led her into the entrance of the Wood.

La Fleur seeing it now time to draw his Game to a close, told them, that seeing her misfortune so ordered it that she should fall into their hands, that they would do her so much favour as to advance farther in the Wood, that she might not be openly prostituted; yet still sob'd and cri'd, calling a thousand times on Death to succour her, as if she had been infinitely troubled at this Encounter. The old Fellow, being the hottest of the two, went on foremost, having quitted her hand, the Merchant following; but

he had I know not what kind of fear
 which damped his Spirits, and made
 him hang back : but as one Wave
 drives another , and as the greater
 part of the World lives by Example
 so he thought he might as well ad-
 vance as the other : Whereupon he
 goes on till they came to the most
 solitary places of the Wood , where
 being just ready to execute their fil-
 thy designs, *la Fleur* draws out a
 Pistol from under his coat and kills
 the Merchant ; which blow was no
 sooner given , but the other was se-
 ized upon by four sturdy Rogues , who
 with their Poignards struck him dead
 immediately : after which they set to
 their Booty, rifling their pockets, and
 found about 'em neer Three hundred
 pounds besides their horses. When be-
 ing upon sharing this their unjust Ac-
 quisition, there arises a great Quarrel
 betwixt 'em : *la Fleur* would have a
 Horse and a hundred pound for his
 share, as having acted the chiefest part

the Tragedy ; to which the others would by no means consent : wherefore they joyn'd Two against Three and fought neer the Cross of *St. Pen*, which is a little Village about two leagues distant from *Compeigne* ; *la fleur* (having good skill) runs his man through the body , and having desperately wounded the other, gets on horse-back and rides to *Paris*.

Where he is no sooner arriv'd, but he accosts the gang of Rogues, Lifters, Pick-pockets, and Filers ; reforms, corrects, augments, and establishes their Laws ; and having read to them some few Comments on the *Piccaro*, he for a while leaves 'em, but in a short time returns, and begins a pleasant adventure : For being inform'd that a company of Lawyers were to dine at *la Pomme de Pin*, he parts from the Palace (his usual place of plying) and hastens directly to the Tavern, the place of assignation ; where entering puffing and blowing

as a man in extraordinary haste, he gives order, as deputed by the company, to make ready a breakfast for Ten or Twelve persons: Which he had no sooner done, but the company comes to the house, and *la Fleur* busies about as Valet, and was indeed believed to be so by the Lawyers, so notably did he bestir himself in the business; when being about the middle of their Breakfasts, he packs up the best of their Cloaks, and so pikes off. Scarcely had they made an end, but they began to miss their Cloaks, demanding where they were; but they might look long enough before they finde 'em, he having got already to the Brokers with 'em who was wont to buy stolen goods: Where following him (this Broker being a noted Rascal for his dealings that way) they took him just as he was receiving his money for his Merchandize. When as they were carrying him before a Justice, three of his

Com-

Companions chancing to pass by that way, and seeing which way their Pilot was steering, fall immediately upon the raising a Quarrel, drawing their swords, and fall together by the ears, making such a Scuffle, that all the people were busied in looking on them: which our grand Rogue perceiving, nimbly skips out of their hands who held him, and gets into the Croud; where they might search for him till he wou'd be found.

After this, with some of his Comrades, he marches out of *Paris* to *St. Clou*, and puts in at the first Inne he comes at: Where asking for a Chamber, the Mistress of the house supposing them honest Guests, shews them up stairs; and perceiving her alone, they intend to force her, and in effect were ready to put their intentions into practice, when the Master of the house just enters; upon which they were forced to await for a more seasonable opportunity. About

bout midnight then there was one of
 them feigns himself sick, and raises
 the Master and Mistriss of the house
 but it hapning as he stept out of his
 bed he espies a Neighbour of his in
 the Chamber; upon which the Hostess
 being transported with jealousy, runs
 after his man, whilst in the mean time
 these Rascals seize on his Wife, who
 had gotten up stairs in the dark into
la Fleur's Chamber, where they be-
 gan to truss her up like a woman of
 her profession: upon which the Hus-
 band comes to his Chamber, and
 missing his Wife, goes up to them,
 with whom finding her, he would
 have kill'd her; but by a strange
 kind of perfidiousness she causeth him
 to be murthered by one of these
 Rogues, thinking to come off well
 enough her self. But *la Fleur* would
 not be so contented: for having un-
 derstood of a long time that there
 was money in the house, comes up to
 her, clapping a Pistol to her breast,
 and

ne and tells her, that if she shewed him
raise not where the money lay, there was
puse an end of her life : but the making
of his resistance when it was matter of mo-
his money, was quickly dispatched by
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CHAP. V.

*The Life of Cleomas, hang'd in
St John's Cæmitery at Paris.*

Although that a person of base
extraction is ordinarily void of
Courage, yet notwithstanding I finde
many great Personages remarkable for
Valour amongst the dregs of the Po-
pulace, where it seemeth to us that
there cannot be any at all recommen-
dable. Nevertheless, in this case we
must attribute more to Fortune and
Despair, than to true Courage, see-
ing

ing that is seldome found but amongst the Great, and those who are truly Noble: for Virtue appears with greater advantage, and works more wonderful effects in a body well dispos'd, than in a rustick mass, and stupid lump of flesh, as your Country Peasants.

Cleomas, a Rustical fellow, and made by Nature more to cultivate the Earth than to handle Arms, will furnish me with a sufficient Example for the proof of what I said; from the instant of his birth his name prognosticated nothing to him but what was to his disadvantage. But as we are oftentimes blinde in the things which do most concern us, so from his tender youth he forgot the knowledge of himself, that he might the better forget the respect and devoir which he ow'd to his God. He dwelt about *Paris*, where he was sometime Servant in an Inne. The first act of impiety which he committed (whether

t a her naturally he was cruel, or that
 o an ury had transported him out of his
 with enses) was as he went alone to *Pa-*
 more w, whither his Masters affairs, or
 well his own particular concerns call'd
 and him: As he was on the Road, mu-
 ntry ing and pensive, he saw a Wag-
 and goner driving his Waggon loaden
 vate with Corn to *Paris*. The Waggon
 will was drawn with four Horses; the
 ple sight of which inflam'd him with a
 om desire of murth'ring the Waggoner.
 ne What doth not a man when he hath
 out let loose the bridle of his Passions?
 But what cruelty doth he not imagine?
 he how is he transported? perswading
 se himself that a Tygers heart is not
 he fierce enough to animate and accom-
 he pany him in his actions. *Cleomas*,
 he without any consideration of the e-
 e- vent, sets on the Waggoner, and with
 le two stabs poignards him, and boldly
 e- took so much time as to bury him.
 f You'd think this a story, if he him-
 self at his death had not confest it.

This

This first Enterprize was but onely the foundation of greater mischiefs he then designed : The inward fury of his Soul hurried him on to greater attempts ; and having buried the Waggoner, not out of any piety to the deceased (for he never had any) he mounts the Waggon and drove on to *Paris*. Surely he must needs be Master of a great stock of impudence seeing he came to the Market-place as if he had been the Waggoners Servant, and there sells the Waggon and Horses without *St. Honores* gate ; and with the money he returned to his former Employment. There was made in *Paris* all imaginable enquiry for the Waggoner.

Two years pass on ; during which *Cleomas* committed no other villany : for whether that they came not to publick notice, or whether he would never confess it ; in the end, his cruelty increasing with his years, for at the most he had not attained to the

Twenty

Twenty fourth year, he resolved to leave his Master, that he might with more freedom carry on his designs. His inclinations carri'd him on to none but high Enterprizes, which he for the most part effected alone. So from thence he betook himself to the Woods, and accosted the most desperate Thieves he could meet withal: so that every day new Bands of Rogues came to list themselves in his service.

He committed many notorious Robberies along the River of *Marne*, and about *St. Maur*, *Charenton*, *Fon-tenay*, and other neighbouring parts. All the Country thereabouts knew his name; and although he was so well known, yet none had the courage to take him: for ordinarily he was attended with Fifty horse, and pillag'd and plunder'd all he met with. But if his Life was strange, his End was not less admirable: for having done things beyond imagination, the
same

fame, or rather infamy of *Cleomas* in-
 creasing every day, the Country re-
 solved no longer to endure his in-
 fluencies. He was threatned from all
 parts; and that notwithstanding did
 but inflame his Courage. At *Charenton*
 a man called *Floriander* had caused
 five or six Marshals men to come to
 his house, in order to take him; for
 he sometimes used to walk alone.
Cleomas hear'd of it, and came by
 night, with his Crew, to *Floriander*'s
 gate, firing the house with a hundred
 Curses; which presently alarm'd the
 Town as well as the Marshals men
 who pursued him with all their force.
 His Company perceiving they were
 pursued, dispers'd themselves; but he
 retreated to a Villiage, and went to
 an Inn there. This pursuit made him
 keep in: They enquir'd where he
 was hid, and at last he was found out
 by the Marshals men in the said Inn.
 The people gathered together about
 the Inn; and as two were ready on
 the

as in the threshold to sieze him, he rose
 from the Table where he sat with his
 pistol in his hand, and kill'd one dead
 in the place ; then with his Sword
 made an end of his Companion, and
 had the assurance to bridle his horse,
 and to get out of the Inne. The
 Peasants seeing this, rush'd all on him,
 to the number of a hundred and fifty,
 arm'd with Clubs, Forks, Rakes, and
 what they could next lay their
 hands on ; so they forc'd him from his
 horse : which did not so terrifie him,
 that he made his way with his
 sword, and the Peasants could not then
 take him ; but the number increasing,
 closely pursued him. He seeing him-
 self at the last period of his life, ran
 with all the force he could, and got
 among the Vines, outstripping them,
 a thing almost incredible, at least
 half a league ; but as he would have
 repos'd himself, he was astonish'd,
 that in less than a quarter of an hour
 he was environed with no less than
 Three

Three hundred people. Being in this
 extremity, he again forced his way
 through them, and came to the Vallie
 of *St. Maur*; where being arriv'd, he
 saw there was but one way left for to
 escape, which was to cast himself into
 the River, where he took the leifur
 (though closely pursu'd) to undress
 himself, and left his Cloaths on the
 bank; then taking his naked Sword
 in his teeth, he sets to swimming in
 the River of *Marne*. The banks were
 covered with the multitudes of peo
 ple, who prepared Boats that they
 might take him: But that which was
 admirable in his courage was, that he
 never parted with his Sword from
 betwixt his teeth. Swimming to a
 little Island on which he got and
 rested him, many there were who put
 themselves in Boats to take him; but
 five or six of them were wounded in
 the attempt. At last he came, by
 swimming, from *St. Maur* to *Charenton*
 where the people made at him with
 their

their Oars, seeing they could not take
 him without blows, striking him
 three or four times with them on the
 head, which stunn'd him, and there-
 upon was with ease taken and carried
 to a Surgeon in order to his cure, be-
 ing very much wounded. His wounds
 being drest, he was condemn'd, and
 by an Appeal sent to *Paris*, where he
 was hang'd.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

*The Lives of two Bloody
Thieves, Francis Dornandez
and John Langlois.*

THe irreligion of *Francis Dornandez* and *John Langlois* instigated them to commit the most detestable actions, having abandoned all sense of Piety from their youth, their ordinary exercise being nothing but Theft and Murther; nor could it well be otherwise expected, for their Ancestors had exercised no other trade as it appears by the Sentence of their Condemnation pronounc'd at *Orleans*: For their Father was broken on the Wheel at *Roüen*. They were born near *Gergeau*, a City of *Seuiloigne*, and pass'd their youth in the

Wars

Wars of *Savoy*. We will not take notice of an infinite of wicked actions which they committed, as well in the Wars as in other places ; I'll take notice now of nothing but what is most remarkable, especially of one that they did near *Paris* ; 'twas not far from the Mount *Valerien*, where these Villains made their Salies, this place was their rendezvous, and scarcely a day past but they pillag'd somebody ; they held all the Country in subjection, neither durst any offer to take them, lest they should afterwards fall into their hands : The Woods serv'd them for a retreat, and the Caverns for a hiding place, from whence night and day they exercised a thousand sorts of Villanies. The fame of their cruelty spreading it self far and near, caus'd all the Country to keep off from them ; the good *Religieux* of *Mendon*, who lived hard by, were the onely persons who could pass with safety,

safety, as having indeed nothing to lose : Their goods consisting not in the riches of this World, but in the treasures of eternal Life. Hunger often forces the Wolf out of the wood ; *Dornandez* would have never come out of his private retreat, if he could have found enough there to satisfy his vitious inclinations : but his companion, who lov'd to nourish himself with blood, perswaded him to take the field ; it seem'd to him an age past since he had taken any booty. *Dornandez*, sollicitated by the desires of his companion, leaves his den, and so they came forraging along the river *Seine*, where, as it happen'd, about half a League off *St. Clou*, they met two poor *Religious Recollets*, who wandering out of their way by reason of the nights approach, could not reach *Paris*, asking of them the way to *Mendon*, there being a famous Monastery of *Capuchin-Friars*. *Langlois*, who breath'd nothing

ng nothing but blood, tells his compa-
 or ion that he must needs kill these
 n the two Religious. *Dornandez* with-
 angeled him, shewing him the horreur
 f the fact, and the little gain that
 never could redound thereby ; yet never-
 if less his remonstrances could not
 re to persuade him ; wherefore he turning
 back towards them, told them he would
 urishew them the right way, and that
 his was going the same Road. At
 the hearing of which, these good Fa-
 thers humbly thank'd them for their
 pains. *Langlois*, who had shut his
 eyes to all manner of goodness, that
 he might open his heart to all manner
 of villany, conducted them into his
 Cavern, intending to kill them ; but
Dornandez, who could not agree to
 the death of these persons, with much
 ado made him alter his resolutions :
 but howsoever, he tells them that
 they must leave behinde them their
 habits ; and so saying, took them from
 them.

Dornandez not knowing his intention, desir'd him often to let them go as they came ; but he had other designs in his head, promising no small advantage by these habits. Wherefore having stript these two Fathers he conducted them out of the wood and shew'd them the way to St. Cloud where, by reason of the night, they went to lodge.

Langlois and *Dornandez* having got into the place of their Retreat and discoursing together of what they had done, *Langlois* told him the reason why he took their Cloaths. *You know*, continu'd he, *that 'tis no far from hence to Argentville: we would turn towards Meudon, but the Religieux there perhaps would know us by our demeanour; howsoever I advis'd to assume these habits, pretending to be what they are who wore 'em, let me alone to do the rest; wee'll go to Argentville, where I saw the last time I was there, a golden Chalice;*

don-

not question but by this disguise to
 master of it. Dornandez an-
 swered him, that 'twas a bold and
 dangerous enterprize; howsoever if
 we can do this, said he, it will be an
 encouragement to do others.

Whereupon they resolve at last to
 put their invention in practise, going
 to *Argentville* to the Curates house,
 who believing them to be *Religieux*
 coming that way, received them ve-
 ry kindly; which free access gave
 hope to their designe. At night as
 they lay together, they were a while
 consulting of the manner how they
 should carry on their business, which
 they at last resolved upon. The
 Morning being come, our two *Reli-*
giens gat up betimes, and came to
 the Curate's Chamber, telling him
 they desired to say Mass: the good
 Curate not mistrusting any thing,
 rises and opens the door; which
 he had no sooner done, but they
 with their Poinards stab him to the
 heart,

heart, laying him dead at their feet
 although he intreated their mercy
 which having done, they break open
 his Trunks, taking away all his Mo-
 ney; and not therewith contented
 they take the Keys of the Church
 and carry away not only the Chalice
 but all the other Ornaments besides
 and so march off.

And after this sort they deceived
 not a few, using these Habits as a
 sure covert to exercise sundry Villa-
 nies, till they were at last detected
 and seized on at *Orleans*, where they
 there on the Gibbet made an end of
 their miserable Lives.

CHAP

C H A P. VII.

*The Life of Postell, a Scholar
of the University of Paris.*

Postell came of a good Family, and was sent to Paris for conveniences of Study, where he was entered in the University, being allow'd a sufficient Pension from his Friends for his maintenance: but alas, that was by him immediately, in the space of two or three days consum'd at farthest; wherefore he was forc'd to betake himself afterwards to shirking and stealing for his subsistence, running up and down all nights about the streets, and in the morning he betook himself to his Chamber, as a Fox that had been hunting the Geese. The first that

was trapt by this Gamester, was a Booksellers-man of the Palace, who coming from carrying some Books to a Scrivener, and having not found him at home, return'd in St. James street about eight at night, in the midst of winter. *Postell* having met him, ask'd him what Books he carried: the other shews him; whereupon they chaffer, and he carries him to his Chamber, which he had hired near the Colledge of St. Barbe, where being arriv'd, he gives him a glass *Pistol* to change; in the meantime shuts his Chamber-door, and as the Booksellers man brought him the *Pistol* again, he would not stir to open it: but on the morrow hapned the mischief; for thinking to sell the Books he had bought to a Bookseller, he addreses himself to the Owner, who stopt them; and had he not found his legs ready at his service, he had e'en turn'd Bookseller in the Gatehouse. This one should
 imagine

was imagine was warning enough for
 wh him, had he not been so addicted to
 ks wickedness; in a word, 'twas so far
 found from reclaiming him, that on the
 ame contrary, having heard a little after
 n th that a young Vintner had been lately
 g me married, and set up in St. James-
 e can street, he with his Gang frequented
 here his house, and were received with
 s his welcome and credit. *Postell* ob-
 shir serving that he left his Wife often
 rbe alone, took that as an occasion to
 im make love to her, imagining by his
 ear fair words to compass his designs.
 d a It hapned one day, that the Master
 the of the house going to Supper to some
 to of his Relations, *Postell* with one of
 red his Camrades at night knocks at the
 he door, which was presently opened;
 k- he began to carouse, looking for the
 he good hour in which he might exe-
 ad cute his intention; for the Mistris
 r- of the house being indispos'd staid at
 er home, knowing besides that 'twould
 d be late before she should return, had

she gone. As they were going about
 their enterprize, the Master of the
 house knocks at door, a little merr
 ry, for they had made him drink
 where he was, as a man of his pro
 fession; he enters, and doubts not
 in the least his guests, but drinks with
 them, and thinks they would, as
 they were wont, go to their Lodg
 ings at last: But one of them pre
 tending to be drunk, sleeps at the
 end of the Table: *Postell* desired for
 his Friend a Chamber that Night,
 which the Vintner at first scrupl'd,
 but upon the consideration of being
 his guest, granted his request. About
 Midnight, when every body was in
 deep sleep, they rise and come from
 their Chamber, arm'd with Pistols,
 thinking to finde the Vintner's
 Chamber open, but it was lockt;
 they consulted a long time what to
 do, and how they might get into
 the Chamber; at length *Postill* told
 his Companion, he'd have him return
 to

about his Bed, and pretend himself sick; which he did, and presently he began to knock on the floor, under which the Vintner lay, and to call for Wine to fetch him again to life, pretending that he had swoon'd away. The man of the house awakens in a maze, and brings some Vinegar for this Counterfeit; but *Postell* told him, he thought it most proper to give him some of his best Wine, and that he knew his Companions constitution; whereupon they went both into the Cellar. *Postell* takes a Pistol with him loaded with three Bullets, charg'd with white Powder, and as the Vintner stoops to draw Wine, he discharges it and shoots through his Head, killing him dead on the place: the Candle was put out, and he was above a quarter of an hour, before he could finde the way out of the Cellar. In short, he got out, lights the Candle, and goes up stairs, telling his Companions what he had

done. The Woman of the House seeing a man, took him for her Husband, not mistrusting he was murder'd. *Pastill* goes to bed to her and she receives him for her Husband, and bids him put out the Candle; but as he turn'd to draw the Curtain, she perceiv'd he had no Beard, and presently cries out: whereupon *Pastill's* Comrade throws himself into the Chamber, and stops her mouth with the Bed-cloaths, and so accomplisht their brutish Appetites, and afterwards kill'd her with six stabs of a Dagger. It chanc'd that the Maid-servant was not at home, having got leave of her Mistris to be at one of her Brother's Wedding; so that these Murderers knowing they were alone in the house, ransackt and pillag'd the best they could lay their hands on, breaking open Trunks and Boxes, till they met with four hundred Pounds, which the Vintner had borrow'd of his Wives Father,

to

to buy Wines in *Burgundy*. Furnisht with this Booty, they gently open'd the door, at three of the Clock in the Morning, having carefully shut all after them, as if there had been nothing done. In the morning every one was astonish'd to see the doors fast, it being a well-custom'd house, the Master of it having the reputation to be no Water-dasher, there being few of them in *Paris*: For of a Pint, they'll make a Quart, and of a Pottle a Gallon. The Neighbours did not at all mistrust mischief, thinking that this their keeping the door shut, was out of some particular humour; but at last they were doubtful of the worst, and therefore sent word to his Relations, who broke open the door, and found the Mistress bleeding in her Bed; whereupon all the Neighbourhood were in an uproar: the Commissary comes there, drawing up a particular account of what they had seen. All people accus'd;

cus'd the Vintner as guilty of murdering his Wife, saying that he came home drunk the night before; and seeing he could not be found, what could be more probable? This was told his particular Relations, who could not tell what to think on't, as knowing not how to acquit or condemn him: But this they affirm'd, that to their knowledge he never had (a thing very rare) any quarrel with his Wife; being not of a cholerick temper. Whilst these debates were managed, the *Commissary*, whose business it is to take care of those matters, orders the dead body to be carried to the *Chatelet*. But before he doth so, the Parents of each of them desir'd him to search the house; which they had no sooner done, but they found the Vintner dead on the ground. The shriekings and lamentations are doubled on every side, and none could imagine th'author of these Villanies.

So

So these two Rascals went clearly off with these spoils, and lay continually in Bawdy-houses, till they had consum'd it all, and then were forc'd to put themselves on new shifts. *Postill* had a rich Uncle, a Citizen of *Paris*, who knew not of the ill courses of this his Nephew, giving him always a favourable reception in his house. He finding all his Money gone, so contriv'd his business, that he at last got the Key of the Trunk in which his Aunt used to store up her Money: she not imagining that any of the house had it, much less her Nephew, caused a new one to be fitted to the Lock. He being willing to make use of an occasion when offer'd, watches one Sunday till they were gone out of doors to Church, leaving no body at home, but a little Girl their Kinswoman and the Servant-maid: *Postill* seeing his Uncle and Aunt safe at Church, returns, where he finds the

the Maid washing the dishes. He who knew the customs of the house hastens her to the Sermon, telling her that 'twas already begun: she not doubting his designs, believes him and so they go out together, leaving the little Girl at home: *Postill* follows her to Church, where being entred, he presently whips out and returns, knocking at the door, which was presently opened, telling her, that he had left his Beads behind him; whereupon he marches up stairs, and pretends to look 'em, and opens the Trunk with his Key, and takes out a little bag, wherein was Two hundred Crowns, and so goes out of the Chamber, putting every thing in its place, as if he had never been there.

Six or seven weeks after, his Aunt having occasion to look into the Trunk, and missing this bag, was much amazed, telling her Husband; who did not know whom to impeach, except

cept a certain necessitous person that frequented the house: who knowing himself innocent, and yet notwithstanding accus'd as guilty, did not know what to do, but takes notice of all comers & goers; and at last was given to understand by some of *Postell's* Comrades, that he spent his money like a Prince, and that his Incomes would not answer those Expences: whereupon he informs his Uncle; who inquir'd narrowly into his Nephews life, and found what was told him was too true: But not being willing to shame him, as being his Kinsman, gave him wholesome and severe Admonitions, and withal, notice to his Father and Mother. The Father being much afflicted at this his Sons deportment, came to *Paris*, and would have had his Uncle severely punish him. His Uncle being angry at the loss, would not expose him; and thinking that he might one day be reduced, he promising an amendment to his Father,

ther,

ther, was received again into favour: but being not able to live without his accustomed pleasures, turn'd to his Debauch again, addicting himself more than ever to his old Cronies; among whom it was at length resolved to get a fresh Stock, for their Purfes had been a long time empty: They thereupon take a house, under pretence of making it a house for Entertainment, where they shewed themselves very courteous and noble; so that a great many young Students, newly come to town, visited them. They had on their parts returned all the civility imaginable, until they had found out who had the most money; and their usual course was to draw them along with them to their house; where being entred, after the usual Compliment, set themselves to play: The money being laid down on the table, one of the Comrades, seeming to come in as a stranger, would snatch all and run away.

One of the Gang, a great Debauché, being not able to continue his courses without supplies, resolves with himself on a Murther: Wherefore he goes one morning to one Mr. *Gantier*, dwelling in *Paris*; a man of unblamable Conversation, and who had been Tutor to this Scholar, and resolves to kill him and plunder his house. Coming therefore to the door of this *Gantier*, the Chambermaid, who knew him, let him in; where entering, he findes *Gantier* asleep. This good old man asked him how he did, and what progress he made in his Studies; and for answer he stab'd him with his Dagger. This Servant which let him in was a well-bred maid, and Kin to *Gantier*, and kept his house, and who was promised in marriage to a good honest Tradesman; she coming into the Chamber and hearing the noise, had her throat cut by this Villain: which done, he opens the Trunks, and findes there

there Plate, and some small matter of Money, and so departs. But thinking to conceal his horrid fact, sets fire to the house, hoping that the house being in a flame, these two Corporals would be consum'd: but the fire being put out by the Neighbours diligence was put out, and these two poor creatures were found most cruelly murdered. The Villain findes his mind so harra'ss'd and tormented by the thoughts of what he had done, that he could not by any means get into his Lodging, being laid hold on by some Neighbours who knew that he frequented Mr. *Gantier's* house, not knowing though that he was the Author of these Villanies; but being taken there was the things before-nam'd found about him; and being had before a Justice, he was committed, and within a short time hang'd and burnt at *la Greve*.

As soon as ever *Postell* and his Companions had notice of his being taken

they

they get as fast as they cou'd out of
 the City ; but this our Rascal cou'd
 not leave the Town without some
 Rogues trick. He was wont to be
 often at a Tavern neer his Lodging,
 and was usually respected as one of
 the best Guests ; which he being sen-
 sible of, makes bold to request of the
 Vintner to lend him his horse for two
 or three days, pretending to go see his
 Father : which was lent him without
 difficulty. *Postell* being thus gone
 from *Park*, goes to *Beauvais*, where he
 sells the horse to an honest Merchant ;
 who thinking he had gotten an honest
 bargain, trucks him away for another
 more to his minde. He with whom
 he had exchang'd came some while
 after to *Park*, where thinking to sell
 the horse, he was known by the Inne-
 keeper who had lent him to *Postell* :
 whereupon he seizes the horse, and
 proves that he was his. The other
 returns to *Beauvais*, where the Mer-
 chant who had bought him of *Postell*
 was

was forc'd to return the money. *Postell* had shifted his abode, and was march'd to *Abbeville*; and coming neer to a Wood, it being late, and having neither Sword nor Stick to defend himself, met with two Thieves who being exceeding earnest after their Prey, thought they had found what they had lookt for, seeing *Postell*. He being confident enough in himself, wou'd not retreat, but keeping on his way, comes up to him, who demanded of him his money, swearing *Damn 'um* and *Sink 'um*, that if he did not presently deliver, he was a dead man. He being not accusom'd to give but to take, could not relish this Summons; but without being whit afraid, made answer he had none; and at the same time laying suddenly his hand on one of the Thieves Swords, who stood not well on his guard, he wrench'd it out of his hand, giving him with it such a blow on the arm, that the pain took away

way all sense : which having done,
 he sets upon the other, who less va-
 vant than his Companion, betakes
 himself to his heels ; but *Postell* pur-
 sued him so neerly that he made him
 yield himself to his mercy, who gave
 him his life, after severe checks for
 setting upon his Master. He returns
 to the other whom he had first struck,
 threatening to kill him if he delivered
 not his money. He wou'd have ex-
 cused himself, as having none ; pro-
 mising him, that if he wou'd go along
 with him to the first house after they
 had come out of the Wood, he wou'd
 help him to some. *Postell* not think-
 ing that the other was laying an Am-
 bush for him, follows him ; so that
 having went through the Wood, he
 enters with this Thief into an Inne,
 the Master whereof was a meer Rogue,
 and of correspondence with these
 Rascals.

Being very well used by this Inne-
 keeper, who said he was kin to this
 Thief

Thief who had conducted him thither he receives Ten Crowns; and professing plainly what he was, he was the more kindly entertain'd, it being agreed he should stay and dwell there and have every thing necessary, and go partners in all booty.

A while after this, a Gentleman of *Picardy*, a very discreet and valiant person as any in his time, return'd from *England*, after having staid some time at *Calais*; and having taken the Road of *Amiens*, he rides through *Abbeville*; where he would not stay being willing to reach farther: so that he went through this Wood, and was forc'd, by the nights approach, to put in at this Inn.

Being in his Chamber, after having had every thing fitting, he perceiv'd the Servant to weep as she was making his bed, and was secretly inform'd by her of the danger he was in. Amongst other things she told him, 'Twas the Innkeepers custom to

Thief

ring

ing a Bell, at the sound of which
 several Rogues came running; when
 presently one of them feigning to be
 servant to the Inne, comes to the
 chamber where the Guests are, and
 making as if he would snuff the Can-
 dle, would put it out: upon which
 the other Villains would enter and
 fall upon them, and so most cruelly
 murder them, there being none that
 could escape them.

This Gentleman considering with
 himself what to dō, causeth the Maid
 to bring him a Lanthorn, and puts a
 Candle lighted in it, and hiding his
 Lanthorn under a stool, lays ready his
 Arms, and stands upon his guard.

When scarcely had he sat himself
 down, but a great boorish fellow en-
 ters, who very officiously, as Servant
 of the house, so snuffs the Candle
 that he snuffs it out; but the Gen-
 tleman causes presently his man to
 bring out the Lanthorn, repels the
 Villains, who came *pesle mesle* upon
 him,

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 tleman causes presently his man to
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 Villains, who came *pesle mesle* upon
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him, killing some of them, and puts the others to flight; seizes on the Inne-keeper, and delivers him into the hands of Justice.

Postell saves himself, and returns again to *Paris*, and lodgeth with a Gentleman, a stranger, in the Suburbs of *St. Germaine*. This person had a considerable sum of Money, together with a great Chain of gold, and several Rings, which he ever carried about him. Our Rascal, willing to get them from him, so prevailed with him, that he got him to walk with him towards the Wood of *Vincennes* where, being amongst the Vines, he sets upon him, and having seized on him unawares, he cuts two of his fingers off his hand, and gives him two stabs with a Dagger into his back, thinking that he had kill'd him. This done, he takes the Money and Rings and returns to the City. The Gentleman (who pretended himself worse than he was) makes a shift to rise and

craw

rawl to the House of a Peasant near
y, who took what care he could of
him.

From thence he was carri'd assoon as
ever he could bear it, to *Paris*, where
he sends for the Provost of the Island,
and relates what passed, describing
to him, as near as he could, the per-
son; he made search for him about
all the University, and was at last
met withal as he would have leaped
down from the Colledge of *de Lysieux*
into the Ditches.

He was carried to the *Chatelet*,
where being put on the Rack, he con-
fesseth these and several other Villa-
nies, for which he was Sentenced
to be broken on the Wheel; but,
howsoever it came to pass, he died
six hours (whether he poysoned him-
self or no, or by some other means)
before the Officers came to fetch him
to Execution.

G **The**

CHAP. VIII.

*The Life and Death of Veron
born at Compeigne in France*

Not far from the place where the
 Rivers of *Oire* and of *Ene* joyne
 together, that they may come in the
 same course to lose their Names in
 the *Seine*, there stands a pleasant and
 stately City called *Compeigne*, famous
 for its Antiquity, having been
 built by *Charles le Chauve* or the
 Bald, taking from him its name of
Carlopolis. This City has all the ad-
 vantages desirable; for it enjoys the
 most excellent Air, and admirable
 Prospect, being every way most plea-
 santly seated; on the one side she is
 watered with the River *Oire*, which
 separateth her by a great and spacious
 Meadow

meadow, bordered with fruitful
 vines and all sorts of Grain: On the
 other side half a League distant it
 hath a large and level Forest.

The Kings of *France* were wont
 to divert themselves in this City, by
 reason of its convenient situation
 for Hunting, especially in the said
 forest, which may be justly said to
 be one of the best in all *France*.

'Twas in this Forest and thereabout
 where *Veron* play'd his Devilish
 tricks; and as an other *Antheus*
 ransack'd and ranfack'd all the neigh-
 bouring parts; there being scarcely
 any one who durst be so bold as to
 meet him, so cruel and barbarous was
 he. It will not be here amiss to
 speak something of his Parentage and
 extraction, before we relate any of
 his horrid and abominable actions.

He came then of one of the best
 families of *Compeigne*; but gave
 himself over from his Youth to Cruel-
 ty and Rapines, and all manner of

Licentiousness ; yet nevertheless, being
 born of honest Parents, he light
 a good Match in the said City ; but
 alas ! when we leave God he leaves
 us, and suffers all our Affairs to de-
 cline.

Veron had no sooner entred into
 possession of his Estate, but began
 immediately to abuse his Wife, and
 to pawn and make away all that
 had, that he might keep lewd com-
 pany, and be continually at Taverns
 and Alehouses ; this course of Life
 lasted not long, drunkenness being
 a Labyrinth, in which those who are
 plunged, cannot get out when they
 please.

Having spent some years after this
 sort, he found himself at length stricken
 of all things necessary, so that his Wife
 friends would have emparted, as well
 for the present want he had reduced
 her to, as for the injuries he con-
 tinually did her, pawning not only
 his own Cloaths, but hers likewise.

being that he might have wherewithal to
 satisfy his drunken appetite : which
 proceeding was not a little hard of
 digestion to her, who being as yet
 young, was not a little troubled to
 see her self used after this manner.

int All the admonitions his Parents
 egged were to no purpose, being so
 an habituaded in Vice and naughtiness.
 the from that very time he despised all
 con good Counsel, and began to range the
 ver Woods, being sometimes eight days
 before he returned home ; so that
 ng he was often held for dead, by reason
 of his so long absence.

the There was scarcely any thing else
 talk'd of but Thieves in that Forest ;
 and scarcely durst any one pass by
 there, being sure if they did, to be
 robb'd : sometimes he was on that
 side which lies towards *Pierrefonds*,
 and other times towards *Verberie*.
 There was not a Hole or Cavern in
 the Forest he knew not : Sometimes
 he would take the Field, and vaul-

ted on the other side the Water, about the Borders of *Vernelle Remy* and other circumjacent places: And that which gave the most admiration was, that having committed any Murther or Robbery in a place, he would be seen two or three hours after at least eight or nine Leagues off thence.

This person was of a great size being a huge massie Fellow, and, like another *Hercules*, would by his strength do things beyond conception. One day being pursued in the City by the Justices Officers, who were resolved to have him examined concerning his way of living, he cast himself from the Bridge into the River near where the Boats are haled up the Water; the Tide running in that place with such a rapid swiftness, that when a man could not swim it would carry him half a League without stirring himself. *Veron* cast himself in there, and (which was never

er, never before seen) he was so strong,
 Rem that maugre the force of the River,
 And he made up and ascended the Key.
 atio This action was admired by every
 an one, as indeed it might well.

, h The Woods were the ordinary
 s a places of his retreat; he lurk'd there
 s o all the day-time, and was often seen
 on a Tree with his Harquebuss watch-
 size ing the Passengers. It is reported
 like for certain he kill'd in one day six
 hi Merchants, who were all of them re-
 cep turning from a Fair not far distant
 th thence. In short, all the parts there-
 wh abouts trembled with fear at his cru-
 ne elties: he on the other side when he
 cal was flusht, returned to *Compeigne*,
 Ri and no one durst be so bold as to af-
 le front him, carrying on always his busi-
 in ness so slyly, that 'twas impossible to
 if find certain proofs against him.

im It hapned about the year 1609,
 gu when *France* was calm'd by a long
 al and happy Peace, that people from
 va all parts, as 'tis the custom, came to

the general Match of Shooting, every one striving who should bear away the Prize.

Veron being a man who loved to shew himself, would not let slip this occasion, resolving with himself to make one amongst them; but that for which he was most concerned was, that he had no Money, and not one of his Relations would lend him any, being by them well enough known to be a bad Husband; notwithstanding which, he was resolved to furnish himself some how or other, imagining people would reflect on him not appearing on so eminent an occasion; and seeing on the other side he could borrow none, he resolved in his minde to get some by force.

It is to be remarked, that about a quarter of a League beyond *Compeigne*, upon the side of the Wood, near the great Road which leads to *Soissons*, there is a little Hermitage, called

very
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called the *Cross of the holy Signe*,
where there lives continually. Her-
mits who come begging to the City:
There is likewise a very decent
Chappel, where many people, whose
occasions lie that way, turn in to make
their Prayers.

In this Hermitage dwelt then two
good old Fathers; one of them was
called *Frater Clandus*, the other's
name I do not remember. Now *Ve-*
ron was wont very often, after he
had been weary with ranging the
Wood, to retire there. They ever
gave him entrance when he knock'd
at their Gate, and also imparted to
him what they had gotten in the Ci-
ty. He had frequented this Hermi-
tage for at least two years before this
business of the Shooting-match was
talk'd of; so that notwithstanding
all the bad reports which were con-
tinually noised of him, these Fathers
were not afraid of him, and cease
not to receive him whensoever he li-

fled to put in with them. But the
 easie access which they gave him
 lost 'em: For frequenting there so
 often, he came at length to know
 they both had Money; he would not
 howsoever have harmed them, could
 he otherways have effected his bu-
 siness; but finding himself urged by
 want of Money, and knowing he
 must contribute his part to the Prize,
 which was to a very rich one, and
 that very speedily; he resolves there-
 upon to rob these Hermits, and take
 from them their Money, but he knew
 not what means to use that people
 might not mistrust him: but behold
 what he did! one night about eight
 of the clock, 'twas about *Whitson-*
tide, when the days were at longest,
 as he was about to go out of the Ci-
 ty, he asks of two several persons
 what a clock 'twas; he was told it
 was eight; upon which he strikes
 into a little Street that leads out of
 the Gate, and was so quick, that
 scarcely

scarcely was he half an hour in his way to the Hermitage, where he enters, no body without seeing him go in, where he addresses himself to the Eldest of the two Hermits, (for the other was gone to draw Water out of a Well hard by there) and demands his Purse. The good old Senior thought he was in jest, not making any reckoning of what he said; but was immediately astonish'd finding himself on the Ground by a blow given him by this Parricide, seconding it by another with his Poignard about his left-breast: the Hermit feeling himself thus struck, shewed him the place where his Money lay; the other redoubles notwithstanding his blows, piercing him to the Heart, and so was dispatched without any farther noise; for *Veron* held his Foot on his Throat; which having done, he takes his Money, amounting to about three hundred Livres.

Frater Claudus in the mean time returns from the Well with his Bucket of Water, not in the least suspecting what had hapned, and sees *Veron* standing before the Wicket of the Hermitage: being entred, he sees likewise his Companion on the Ground, and began to cry out ; but *Veron* made up to him with a Countenance witnessing fury, and with his Dagger struck him in the Breast, laying him likewise half dead wallowing in his own Blood on the ground, who never spake any other words than these; *Ab, Veron, thou kill'st me ; is it possible my Age cannot stop the Fury which boils in thy Soul ?* These words howsoever could not hinder this Tyrant (for so I call him, seeing he betook himself to two such religious persons) but that he pierced his Heart at the second stroke.

This Murther, or rather Sacriledge, being committed , he gave himself the

the leisure to light two Torches which
 were in the Chappel, and lay'd them
 both strecht out one upon another,
 setting the two Torches at their
 Feet: then charging himself with
 the Money, shuts the Gate, and throws
 the Keys into the Field, and returns
 to *Compeigne*: And that which was
 most to be admired was, that he did
 all this in one quarter of an hour;
 so that he came into the City at half
 an hour after eight, without any bo-
 dies having perceived him, except a
 Baker's Boy, who coming through
 the Woods, and passing by this Her-
 mitage, heard one of these Fathers
 cry out, *Ah Veron thou kill'st me.*
 And that he might not be thought
 to have done this, he came imme-
 diately to the same persons of whom
 he had demanded half an hour be-
 fore what a clock it was, asking
 them the same question, who answer-
 ed him 'twas half an hour past eight.
Veron did this, that he might have
 Wit-

Witness, if there should be occasion that he had been in Town when the act was done.

This Tragedy being acted after this manner, he returns to his Lodging, not letting his Wife know what an abominable villainy he came from committing. Two days are past without any bodies taking notice of the Hermits not coming to the City: *Veron* however fail'd not to walk about the Town, as assuredly as ever. At length some devout Women going to visit the Hermits, found the Doors of the Hermitage, as also of the Chappel shut, contrary to custom; upon which they began to suspect something; which suspicion nevertheless was suspended, being told by some there by, they were probably gone out in the Country: nevertheless there was one among the rest who advised the Door to be broke open, that they were perhaps sick, or some other sad disaster had befallen them.

This

This Counsel was put in execution, causing two Smiths to come from the Town to break open the Doors; which being done, they found the two Hermits stretcht out dead upon the Ground; at the sight of which they were struck with horroure and amazement: they search'd the Corpse, and found the Wounds near the Heart, the Bodies beginning already to putrifie.

Which being known in the City, they were all astonish'd at so dreadful a relation, flocking to see this woful spectacle: *Veron* came amongst the rest, and made shew of no small sorrow for the loss of these two good Fathers, cursing with a hundred imprecations those who had done this wicked fact: *They*, saith he, *must certainly have a great stock of Cruelty and Hardheartedness, who have executed so execrable a perfidiousness to have killed two so Religious and Devout Personages, even at the very Evening*

ning of their days : they must certainly, saith he, be possessed with diabolical fury ; speaking which words, he could not so much palliate his fact, but the motions of his Soul were apparent in his Face ; the nearer he approach'd to the Hermitage, the more he found himself agitated by, I know not what kinde of chilliness and fear, which caused those who accompanied him not a little to suspect him. This suspicion took deeper root in the mindes of the Assistants ; when he came before the Corpse of the two poor Hermits ; for at the same time the Corpse, which were dry and withered, having bled all the Blood in their Veins, began then to bleed again afresh ; whereupon all the people began unanimously to cry out that there must be one in the company concerned, seeing the dead Corpse so plainly called for vengeance ; at which, every one cast their Eyes on Veron ; nevertheless by

his

his *Meine* he endeavoured to put by the suspicion conceived of him; but his Conscience feeling it self tormented within him, suffered him not to rest, but as a Vulture was incessantly gnawing his Heart, making outwardly appear the inward resentments of his Soul.

The Officers came to take away the Bodies; during which all the Citizens cast their Eyes on *Veron*; his frequenting the Hermitage not a little strengthening their suspicion; yet durst they not immediately accuse him, there being not any who could come in as a Witness against him.

Their suspicion of him daily increasing, there was scarcely any thing else talk'd of, or concluded on, but that he was the Author. There was all enquiries imaginable made to find out something to strengthen them in this their conjecture; and at last the Baker's Boy, of whom we have before spoken, attested that he

he heard about eight a clock at night the Hermit, who cried out, *Veron, thou kill'st me*; upon which simple disposition, and upon the joynt conjectures of the people, it was resolved on to apprehend him; but the difficulty was how to seize on him without blows, for should he have the least notice, he would not have staid long at *Compeigne*; (although he said since that, he could never have imagined they would dare to lay hold on him upon so frivolous conjectures) nevertheless they appointed out the day and manner of taking him, making a match with him to play at Tennis (a Game very ordinary in *Picardy*) just before the Prison-gate.

The day appointed being come two or three Citizens came to him asking him whether he would go out to take some recreation; he being a man who was mightily for Company, agreed; whereupon they walk'd

walk'd together till they came over
 against the great Gate of the Prison,
 where they set to their Game: they
 who should seze on him, fail'd not
 in great numbers to appear there,
 lest any resistance should happen, for
 he was exceeding strong and robust,
 and would have given them their
 hands full, had he had but notice of
 their designe. As he was in the
 midst of his Game, there was a Ser-
 jeant who trundled sily a Ball into
 the Entry of the Prison, praying *Ve-*
ron to step for't; whereupon he
 goes, but was astonish'd seeing him-
 self set upon by twelve or fourteen
 Officers, who charged him in the
 Kings Name to yield himself: *Veron*
 was not a little amaz'd, seeing him-
 self taken after that manner, being
 ready to burst with rage and fury,
 running about the Prison like a mad-
 man, seeking something to do mis-
 chief withal; and to say the truth,
 they who lay'd hands on him had
 enough

enough to do with him ; yet notwithstanding all his efforts, he was forced to contain himself within the Prison-walls, being loaded with Irons.

In the mean time they draw'd up his Process, there coming from all parts those which deposed against him, being accused of divers Thefts and Robberies committed both in the Woods and elsewhere ; but not one of them could say any thing against him touching the Murther he was cast into Prison for, excepting the Baker's Boy, who affirmed that upon such a day he had heard, as he passed by the Hermitage, the fore-mentioned Words. He for his defence brought in two Citizens of good repute, who affirmed they had seen him in the Town at eight a clock, and at half an hour after eight ; withal adding, 'twas impossible he could perform such an Enterprize in so little a time : this made them all at a stand, putting them in doubt
what

what to think of it. Several of the
 Court seeing no sufficient proof, went
 from their Seats, and would be no
 farther concerned, fearing lest they
 should give a wrong judgement
 through want of certain knowledge,
 knowing not what to think of it.
 Likelihood indeed there was, but no
 sufficient proof; yet howsoever, fin-
 ding they could get nothing from
 him but a bare negation, and that the
 tortures of the Rack could not make
 him confess this crime, they procee-
 ded notwithstanding upon probabili-
 ties, and the other undeniable crimes
 which he was proved guilty of, for
 which he was sentenced to be broken
 on the Wheel, which did not a little
 daunt him; for there was no appeal;
 he must on force undergo it, though it
 went to the Heart of him, being in the
 flower of his age. There was sent to
 him a Confessor to prepare him for
 death; but he would by no means hear
 on't: for although condemned, he flat-
 tered

tered himself with the hope he should not die this bout; but seeing there was no respite given him, they endeavoured by degrees to dispose him for his passage.

This man had an undaunted Spirit, and could not be brought to the belief he should die in the flower of his age: He threatned and calumniated his Judges, bidding defiance to Heaven and Earth, foaming with rage and despair, fury having so much possessed him that scarcely the Priest his Confessor durst approach him.

He at length confessed to the Priest; but when he came to speak to him concerning his murdering of the Hermits, he cast it back with a thousand Oaths and imprecations: saying that in truth he had committed several Robberies; but touching the Hermits, so horrid a thing never so much as once entered into his minde.

It will not be perhaps impertinent

to

ould speak a word or two concerning
ere Death, being as tragical as his Life
ea was, and strange and horrible.

for He was led then at five of the clock
in the Evening to the place of Exe-
ritution, there being such a multitude
be of people who came from all parts
o to see him, that the whole City was
m. filled with them. *Veron* being come
nce on the Scaffold, which was set up
ith before *St. Cornille's Church*, shewed
so outwardly in his countenance the dis-
he dainful haughtiness which boiled in-
ch wardly in his minde.

'Twas observed during the time
he he was in Prison, notwithstanding the
ak irons on his Legs, he would turn and
of throw himself more nimbly than a-
a nother man could who had none on :
s: but here 'twas otherwise; for as soon as
ed ever he was on the Scaffold, he walk'd
he about it with his Arms across, taking
fo ten or a dozen turns thereon, look-
ing more like a man despairingly
nt mad, than one who had made his
to Peace

Peace with God, or who had a becoming apprehension of death; Choler had painted on his Front a kinde of daring boldness. When his Sentence was reading, he listned to it with matchless gravity, stroaking his Mustaches, as a person who cared little for Death, and who believed he should not die that day: and indeed had he found the Bar with which he was to be broken, the Executioner and others too would have been in danger to have lost their Lives for it angered him so much to leave so young and robust as he was, this World, that he would have hewed his way through Rocks and Mountains to have escaped.

But in the reading of the Sentence, when he heard he was condemned for having assassinated and barbarously murdered two poor Hermits, he cried aloud three times, that the Judge lied, and that he was far from doing any such thing, that

never so much as came once into
 thoughts. There were two men sent for on
 purpose for to finish his Execution,
 whom he warned not to come near
 him, and that he'd never suffer him-
 self to be lay'd on the Wheel by
 force; and to make appear that he
 had great strength, he was seen nine
 times one after another down on the
 scaffold, and the Executioners upon
 him; notwithstanding which, he got
 up from them, and every time he got
 up he began his walks, cursing the day
 in which he was born, wishing a
 thousand plagues to fall upon them
 who had condemned him, and espe-
 cially cursing and damning the Judge
 who pronounced his Sentence; be-
 ing mad chiefly, amongst the rest, that
 he should be the first this Judge,
 being newly made, ever had begun
 withal. At length, seeing he could
 not escape, and that he must die, he
 yields, but with much ado; for his

H . . . vigo-

vigorous youth could not suffer
 self to be blossom'd so soon.

He was laid on the Cross then, on
 which he was broken alive: his
 Heart of steel, which could not be
 moved before, after having endured
 exceeding great torments, began to
 bethink it self; wherefore he called
 his Confessor, to whom it is thought
 he declared the whole matter. And
 so, after a long struggling with Death,
 he was at length overcome by him.

Upon this day, and every time he
 was in his waking, during the day
 which he was born, willing to
 have his name to fall upon them
 who had condemned him, and also
 during the day
 when he pronounced his sentence
 and chiefly amongst the rest, that
 he should be the first this Judge,
 who newly made, ever had before
 At length, leaving his body,
 not escape, and that he must die,
 fields, but with much ado; for his
 H

A

True and Pleasant

NOVEL,

As it really hapned

At *Roan* in *France*.

POverty bringeth oftentimes great alterations and changes in our Humours; Necessity pouring in a great deal of constraint in our Passions, even so far, that a man lets himself be carried away to the commission of those things which otherways would be looked upon by him as infamous, if Necessity constrained not to embrace them. There has been ever seen them, who being constrained by their Poverty, although that inwardly they have acknowledged their faults, yet however have suffered themselves to be carried

ried away to do what they could and of this the History which write will give credit, wherein will be seen how many and great evils are begotten and brought up by Poverty; and that 'tis not without reason that every one with such care and fear avoids it, drawing with such dangers and misfortunes.

In the City of *Roan*, chief Sea-port, and one of the most famous Havens of *France*, lived a person whom I shall call *Meris*, whose youth promised no small fortune, as having great correspondencies in *England* and *Spain*, by means of several Navigations and Voyages which he had made sundry times there; but Fortune changed quickly the good countenance which she had at first shewed him two years after he was married about which time he fell into such mean and poor condition, that scarcely could he get enough to subsist on.

Variable are the effects of Fortune; such a one thinks himself to stand in surety, being shaded with all the Happiness and Prosperity that can be hoped for in this world, and in a trice he findes himself thrown down more low than ever before he was high; such is the inconstancy of all things here below, which make growth and nourishment in Chance and Change: for amongst all those who walk under the cope of Heaven, there is not any one can truly say he is exempted from the tribute which we owe to this fickle Goddess, she engraving her Laws upon Empires and on Republicks the most flourishing and Triumphant.

Meris found her favourable in the beginning, but in the end he was constrained to assert, that the Rose is not found but amongst Thorns and Briers. All his loss came from a Ship, wherein was the greatest part

of his Estate, which by means of mighty Tempests was cast away upon the Coast of *England*.

This Tempest was the first stroke that Fortune gave to his happiness, which since was seconded by many others; so that poor *Meris* saw himself in a short time reduced to the lowest fate that could be: nevertheless Fortune could not shake his courage, nor the generous resolution of his Wife, who was called *Helene*. These two Hearts were insensible to the strokes of Fortune, although reduced to such meanness: The constancy of this married couple was not a thing the least remarkable; for they lived 10 years together after this sort the best that they could; but to say truly, all this space they could not really be said to live, but to lead a lingering death.

Now although that Chance had spoiled both the one and the other of all temporal Commodities, yet Nature

...re howsoever was pleased to bestow
up- with prodigality every thing that
was beautiful and comely on He-

She was an Abridgement and E-
xtricate of all the perfections desira-
ble in a Woman. She had the Mein,
the Order, and the Port altogether
noble. In short, nothing was wan-
ting her that goes to the making up
of a compleat Creature: but that
which was most admirable in this Wo-
man was, that she loved her Hus-
band so greatly, that notwithstanding
all the Addresses which many of
Ronan made to her, and even of the
richest, who promised her Money
enough, yet she would never be
false to her Husband; but as one deaf
to all their amorous complaints and
desires, she universally despised them,
and made a flout at their Prayers;
in which *Meris* saw himself happy
in his Misfortune, and could not
chuse but prize her as she deserved.

Amongst all those who shew'd her most affection, and who gave greatest proofs of it, there was a certain Lawyer, whom I shall call *Carildur* that I may not trouble the repose of his Ashes, and bring afresh again the day of his death in the memory of his Friends. This Lawyer was a person come of a good stock, and had as well by his Birth as Practice got a very considerable Estate.

He was one of the chief who with most affection solicited *Helene*; but never could obtain his desire, his attempts being all of them vain and unprofitable: For her admirable Chastity was the Buckler and Target on which were broken all the blows of the amorous Lawyer; all his treats served him to no purpose in this business; which having at last known, he would employ the Rhetorick of a Neighbour of his, one who likewise solicited to as little purpose as himself.

Helene had all this while dissem-
 ed and concealed their importuni-
 ties, without making her Husband
 acquainted; but perceiving that
 their impudence increased every day
 more and more, she resolved no lon-
 ger to forbear, but to let her Hus-
 band know of it; whereupon one
 night she discourses him after this
 manner.

*My dear Meris, saith she, you know
 how entire my affection hath been to
 you since the day we first met: you
 cannot but know it; and the great
 love I have continually bore you may
 serve as a sufficient proof. I am im-
 portuned by three or four persons
 who attempt mine Honour; amongst
 others by Carildus, whom you know;
 he endeavours to shake my Constancy;
 but his attempts have been hitherto un-
 profitable, and ever shall be. Far be it
 from me that I should ever do this
 thing, and so falsifie my conjugal Vow;
 Hell it self shall open and swallow*

H 5.

me:

me up, rather than I will be disloyal. And 'tis for this I desire your Counsel how we shall be rid of all these importunities.

Meris, who attentively lent his ear to these words, knowing that his Wife bore him a great and singular affection, and that on the other side she would never deceive him, made answer, My dear, I know not which way 'twill be possible for me to recompence the greatness of the affection and fidelity which you on your part have ever shew'd me. Yet nevertheless you see to what Fortune hath reduced us, and how greatly we are tormented with Poverty; wherefore I am of advice that you pretend to Carildus that you will content his desires, provided there be some considerable sum of Money: as for the rest, let me alone, I'll finde means to disentangle my self and be rid of him.

Helene, who heard her Husband speak

al. speak after this manner, began to ca-
 un- *Carildus* with her Eyes more than
 befever. He perceiving this unusual and
 extraordinary good will, as he interpre-
 his ed it, joyful above measure, perswades
 hat himself that 'twas best beating the Iron
 gu- whilst it was hot, and that he could
 her not hope for a bad issue in what he
 m, promised himself; for he saw that
 not labour wherewith his desires were
 to wont to be opposed, altogether laid
 e- aside, and his love reciprocally re-
 ur ceived of his Mistress; wherefore
 r- he advertises his Confident, who par-
 b ticipated already with him in his
 re joy.

Carildus familiarizeth himself e-
 very day more and more with *He-
 lene*, and he thinks himself at the
 top of Felicity. In the end, she
 who feigned in the beginning to be
 drawn by his promises, began to lay
 aside more and more her averseness;
 saying, that not onely her Poverty
 constrained his reception, but that
 he

he had likewise acquired such an advantage in her favour, that she could not live without seeing of him.

These dissimulations so wrought upon *Carildus*, that he parted not from her till he had gotten her consent, and knew the day and hour in which he should come to her, having promised her 500 Crowns. The day come, *Carildus* failed not to tarry at a Church-door, where the night before was given the assignation, where he found his Mistress in expectation of him.

When scarcely had they seen one another, but *Carildus* asks of *Helene* if her Husband was at home, and when she expected his return; to which she answered, that he would not be at home this eight days; For he has, saith she, some business which has called him to Paris, wherefore you may come to me with security.

Carildus, who on the other side
burned

burned and consumed in his own flame, gives her a Purse full of Gold, and immediately comes to her Lodging, where *Meris* had hid himself in order to the finishing of his Enterprize; for he would together with the Money have the Cloaths too of *Carildus*.

As they were entred, there was a good Fire made, and the Lawyer began already to undress himself, when *Meris* came with a Club and discharges it on his Head, felling him with the blow to the Ground; and redoubling his blows, he never left striking of him till he had killed him.

Helene, not thinking that he would ever have killed him, was very much astonished in seeing him lie dead at her Feet: her Husband howsoever assured her, telling her, that she should not trouble her self, for he would so order it, that it should never come to be known that he killed him :

him : Wherefore, bidding her go to bed, he takes the dead Lawyer on his Back, and enters directly by a Back-door (being well acquainted with the House) into the Lawyer's Lodging, where, the Night and Sleep favouring of him, he immediately discharges the Corpse in the place where people used to ease themselves; and so placed him on the Seat, that whosoever should come in there, would judge that he had died in this place and posture.

Now the day before, *Carildus* told his Companion all the affair, and how *Helene* had promised him access into her Lodging : It happened therefore that this Confident of his, rising at Mid-night by reason of the Gripes wherewith he had been for these four or five days troubled, as he came to the said place to ease himself, he perceived that 'twas occupi'd by *Carildus* ; wherefore he was some time (being not willing to disturb him)

him) a staying for him; but seeing that he came not out, he goes to him, pulling him by the Sleeve, which made the Corpe fall down at his Feet.

This man being much astonished, takes his flight, and knows not what could be said in this matter; but being at length assured, he comes back again, and seeing *Carildus* dead, he doubts presently that he had been betray'd in *Helene's* house to *Meris* her Husband, whom he had known of a long time to be a man of his hands. Wherefore for fear lest he should be accused that he had murdered him, (for he was seen to rise) he takes him up on his Back, with intention to carry him before *Meris's* Door. Hitherto we have seen the mischief which Poverty doth bring with it, instigating men to the doing of those things which otherwise would be abhorr'd by them. Let us see now what hapned to *Carildus*

rildus after his death: for there is *Plaisantie* and Adventures perhaps never before heard or thought of.

Carildus's Companion having taken up the Corpse on his Back, went and placed it at the same House it came out of, setting it upright against *Meris's* Door; then returns to his Lodging without any bodies taking notice of him. *Helene*, by chance too, through default of Nature, would go out of doors, it being about half an hour after Midnight, but was very much astonished that she had no sooner opened it, but the dead Body fell into the House. She cries out being affrighted, and tells her Husband that the Lawyer was come back again to their Lodging; upon which *Meris* rising up in haste out of his sleep, assures her, telling her she should not be troubled at the dead, protesting that he would carry him so far that he should never finde his way back again. Wherefore he takes
him.

him up again the second time; and as he goes along the Street to carry him to the River, he hears a great noise, coming, as he thought, from the end of the Street; whereupon, fear, which before had no effect on him, seizes on his Courage, making him dread the just punishment he deserved; which made him stand up close in a Street which went across, that he might see them whom he heard coming, and shun their meeting: but his fear quickly changed into joy; for them from whom he heard that noise were night-Adventurers, who just came from stealing two Fitches of Bacon from out of the House of a Baker named *Philip du Bois*. As these Fellows passed along by this Lane where was *Meris*, who had got under a Bulk, he heard them talking that there was a man drew good Wine in that Street, and that they would leave their Bacon somewhere, and see whether they could make
um

'um rise. The proposal was agreed to, and they put their Sack into the descent of a Cellar, covering it with some Straw which they by chance there met with ; and there left it. *Meris*, who had observed all this from his Bulk, imagines that he needs not go any further to unload himself ; wherefore he makes up to the place where the Thieves had laid the Sack, and having opened it and felt Bacon in it, he takes it out, and puts in lieu of it the dead Lawyer, and returns to his Lodging, where he findes his Wife up, and who was so concerned at what had unexpectedly befallen her, that she could not (so much was she affrighted at what had passed) go to bed.

But when she perceived that he came back again, she thought she should have died immediately with fear ; for she imagined that her Husband could not be rid of the dead Corpse : but he quickly appeased her

When he shew'd the Bacon, and gave
 her an account of his adventure;
 upon which they go to bed again,
 being not a little pleased at the dou-
 ble booty they had got, which was
 not discovered till a little while af-
 ter.

Come we now to our Thieves,
 who by and by will finde work e-
 nough. Whilst that *Meris* was re-
 turning to his Lodging, they had
 got to the house, drinking stoutly up-
 on the account of their Merchandise,
 which they did intend to chaffer a-
 way to the Vintner. When they
 had drank sufficiently, they reckon,
 and for payment tell the Vintner
 that they had a good quantity of
 Bacon to sell him, and he might pay
 himself out of it. The Vintner re-
 plied, that he was not used to buy a
 Pig in a Poke; wherefore he bid
 them let him see it, and then he
 knew what he had to say to them.

The Thieves then go to the place
 where

where they had left their Sack ; and having there found it , not at all dreaming of the exchange, they take it up, fancying it though to be somewhat heavier than it seem'd to be before ; but of that they took no farther notice , and brought it straight to the House where they were drinking ; which they had no sooner opened, but the Vintner sees poor *Carildus's* Head peeping out of the Sack: whereupon he begins presently to cry out upon them (for he knew the person) *Oh ! villains, what have you done ?* cries he, *You have killed the Sieur Carildus, and are so impudent to bring him here to me to sell him for Bacon.* The Thieves, more astonish'd than he, stood as men amazed staring one upon another, and knew not what Countenance to keep: the other cried out still against them, threatening to have them soon laid by the heels, and to send for the friends of the defunct. They on the other
side

side desired him to have patience, and not to speak of it ; for they knew where they had this booty : and to excuse them of intended theft they might , but not of murder ; but howsoever they would carry the Corpse back again where they had it ; which they did, wondering and tempesting at this their rencounter, asking one another what they thought of it, whether this was not a strange Metamorphosis, and how 'twas possible for them to be so much mistaken as to take a Lawyer for Bacon ; which saying, they come to the Bakers House, where getting up to the place from whence they had taken the Bacon, they there place the Lawyer, and withdraw. During this time, the Baker, who had a great deal of work that day to do , called a Servant of his, named *Martin*, to have him go to the Mill ; whereupon he rises at four a clock in the Morning ; the Baker commands him to make ready

ready to go to the Mill; *Martin* swears *Zoons* that he'd not stir a foot before he breakfasted; and that he would have a rasher of Bacon. Well having receiv'd permission so to do he takes a Ladder, and as he was going up to the top of it, both Lawyer, Servant, and Ladder fall on the ground, and tumble one upon another. The Baker runs with his Wife to their man's assistance, thinking that he had been dead on the ground; howsoever he told them that he had received no hurt, and that he had escaped any mischief by reason that he fell on the Bacon: at which the Baker was well enough satisfied; but when he came to look down and saw the Head of the Lawyer which just peep'd out of the Sack, it being untid'd, he had like with astonishment to fall backwards in a Swoon; neither could his Wife scarcely make him come to himself again. In the end, astonisht as they were

were at this business, they consulted how to get him from thence. The Baker had a young Colt never yet hack'd, whom he causes his Man to bring him; and having clapt on him a Saddle, he fastens the Lawyer on him, so that he could not fall off, putting likewise Spurs to his shooes; and thus equipag'd they lead him out into the Street, it being not past six in the Morning in the shortest days of Winter; the Baker believing that losing the sight of him he should lose him altogether, as indeed he did; for as this young Colt went on the way, it hapned that one of the Spurs struck by mishap into his Side, which made him so fall a running, that he cast off his Rider into a Well, where he was never more heard of.

F I N I S.